SKETCHES

MODERN LIFE;

OR,

MAN AS HE OUGHT NOT TO BE.

A Novel.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

——Romane caveto!

Theſe ſhall the fury Paſſions tear,
 The vultures of the mind!
Diſdainful Anger, pallid Fear,
 And Shame, that ſkulks behind—
Or pining Love ſhall waſte their youth,
Or Jealouſy, with rankling tooth,
 That inly gnaws the ſecret heart,
And Envy wan, and faded Care,
Grim-viſag'd, comfortleſs Deſpair,
 And Sorrow's piercing dart. GRAY.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Author returns thanks to a friend for the kind affiftance afforded to him in the poetical department of this work, and begs pardon of the writer of the Fragment in the firft volume, for having inferted it without his privity and permiffion.

In the courfe of the following narrative, an incident has been interwoven, in which a lady (once the very particular friend of the Author) may think herfelf implicated: he therefore, as the circumftance is known to many, conceives himfelf called upon to ftate, that fhe is not alluded to farther than in the before-mentioned inftance; nor has the Author the idea of pourtraying her in any refpect.

SKETCHES

OF

MODERN LIFE,

&c. &c.

CHAP. I.

THE mansion of the Apsley family is situated within three miles of Bristol, in the county of Somerset. Imagination could but ill form, and description as ill convey, an idea of this enchanting spot; those who delight in the unalloyed beauties of nature will here find a real banquet: while those who depend on the mere extravaganza of art, will turn with disgust from a mansion where all art is disclaimed.

Mr. Apſley was deſcended from a family more diſtinguiſhed for antiquity than fortune. He was an only ſon, and, as ſuch, was taught to expect all thoſe homages which his maturer ſenſe enabled him to deſpiſe. Upon the deceaſe of his father, he found himſelf the poſſeſſor of an eſtate almoſt exhauſted by the contributions which, had been levied upon it by vanity; he therefore wiſely reſolved to ſacrifice the futile to the eſſential, and, by contracting his expenſes, brave the ſneer of ſuperior opulence, or the pity of affected candor. It is the bent of human nature ever to fly into extremes. This axiom, however, could by no means be applied to Mr. Apſley. His domeſtic economy was never within ken of parſimony, and his humbled pride never degenerated into meanneſs. He married at an early period an amiable woman, who lived long enough to preſent him with two ſons, and to leave an indelible impreſſion of regret upon the mind of her huſband

To

To theſe children Mr. Apſley devoted his whole ſolicitude; for them he cheerfully gave up the luxuries of life, and would dwell with rapturous delight upon the idea that his preſent economy would ſecure their future independence, if not affluence. Cuthbert Apſley was tall, and finely formed; his complexion was fair, and his light-blue eyes ſparkled with ſenſibility; his face, though delicately beautiful, had none of that effeminate languor, which, in a man, calls forth contempt rather than admiration. The exquiſite ſymmetry of his form was not that of a puny *petit maitre* enervated by indulgence; temperance and exerciſe braced his limbs, health animated his cheek, and philanthropy glowed in his heart.

Sinclair Apſley was two years younger than his brother. To a heart equally good he joined a levity that overleaped all bounds. His father had paid equal attention to both his children, but his good intentions were fruſtrated by the intervention of Miſs M'Alliſter, a ſiſter of Mrs. Ap-

ſley. She inſiſted upon the ceſſion of one of the children; and though ſhe could not prevail to the extent of her wiſhes, ſhe nevertheleſs obliged his father to ſuffer little Sinclair to be her almoſt conſtant companion. Miſs M'Alliſter was a maiden lady of ſixty-three; ſhe was fond of her cat, her maid, an old cherry-tree planted by herſelf; but, above all, ſhe doated upon Sinclair, who, to confeſs the truth, did not return her affection to the degree that might have been expected. He ſhod the cat with walnut-ſhells, made mouths at Kitty, and cut his name upon the cherry-tree; nay, he was once caught in the fact of deſtroying a green ſatin gown belonging to his aunt, to make wings and taſſels for his kite. Miſs M'Alliſter, to other ſciences for which ſhe gave herſelf the credit, joined that of phyſic. Did a neighbour's head ache, ſhe was ſure to ſend an infallible ſpecific. She was famous for her gout cordial, and other diſtillations of her own invention. Her ſkill was univerſally acknowledged

ledged over the whole county, and one little anecdote was carefully hushed up; viz. that her maid being frightened by an overdrove ox, was forced by her mistress to drink (by mistake) a quantity of red ink instead of the water of health.

Cuthbert Apsley had now completed his twenty-first year. As yet he had experienced no other gaieties than the city of Bristol afforded, nor did he sigh for a repetition of those he had seen. Sinclair, on the contrary, ever on the watch for amusement, had frequently made little excursions unknown to his father or aunt, and only panted for an opportunity of realizing the ideas of pleasure his vivid fancy had created.

Miss M'Allister and Sinclair had just finished a tedious dinner, when the latter observed a gentleman walking hastily over the lawn: upon nearer approach he discovered him to be his brother. On his entering the room, "Dear heart alive," cried Miss M'Allister, "why, Cuthbert, how

 could

could you think of walking in ſuch damp weather? you'll catch your death, child, one of theſe days: let me fetch you a little——"

"Let me give you a glaſs of wine, Cuthbert, and I'll anſwer for your life. Why, aunt, you would doſe the whole pariſh, doctor and all, if you had your own way."

"You are a ſaucy boy," cried Miſs M'Alliſter; "you are indebted to me for your life, you know very well."

"True," muttered Sinclair, "for yawning is a proof of exiſtence."

Cuthbert declined any remedy for the damp air, and ſat down with his brother, while the old lady retired to her afternoon's nap; ſhe had no ſooner ſhut the door than Sinclair exclaimed—

"What brought you here, brother?"

"I came to ſee my aunt."

"What! to be phyſic'd to death! I wonder that ſhe let you off ſo quietly! Why, man, I have a battle royal with aunty twice a day about Huxham's tincture, to be taken half an hour before dinner,

ner, to get me an appetite that I never wanted. Come, come, I know ſome other buſineſs brought you here. Take courage, and another glaſs of wine, and I'll be bound——"

"What I have to ſay," interrupted Cuthbert, "requires no effort of reſolution to diſcloſe. The affair is——"

"Ugh!" cried Sinclair, "ſome horrid piece of buſineſs, I'll lay my life: take your glaſs; I cannot bear ſuch a long face. Why, man, you look like my aunt when ſhe has miſlaid Buchan's Domeſtic Medicine."

"I admire your ſimile," returned Cuthbert, laughing, "and fancy that my long face only exiſts in your fertile imagination; the affair I have to diſcloſe, will, I hope, be equally pleaſing to us both."

"That's famous," cries Sinclair: "be quick, my dear fellow; good news don't come often, ſo I'll order t'other bottle upon the ſtrength of it."

Cuthbert, in vain, oppoſed this motion; the wine was produced, and Sinclair now

 expreſſed

expreſſed the moſt earneſt deſire to hear the whole ſtory, as he termed it. His brother then informed him, that having a deſire to ſee the weſt of England, he had propoſed the expedition to his father; intending to proceed along the coaſt to the Land's End, and return through the ſouth of Devon and Dorſetſhire. Sinclair was delighted; he flew acroſs the room, looked out of the window, as if anticipating his journey, and aſſured his brother that Crop ſhould be ſaddled at ſix the next morning.

"We ſhall not want Crop, brother."

"Does my father mean to lend me the cheſnut mare?"

"He does not."

"What!" cried Sinclair, in a tone of diſappointment, "do you mean to go in chaiſe?"

"I do not, indeed."

"Why, then, you muſt walk, for I know no other mode of conveyance."

"And that is the very method I propoſe: the weather is ſuch, that it would be a ſhame to be boxed in a chaiſe; and we can

can ſurely judge better of the views on foot than by gallopping acroſs the country at the rate of ten miles an hour."

Surpriſe had hitherto kept Sinclair ſilent: at length he broke out with, "On foot! are you mad, Cuthbert? why, you will be the jeſt of the county. Do you wiſh to be the ſucceſſor of the famous Powell, and prove the lightneſs of your ſkull by the ſpeed of your heels?"

"Not ſo," replied Cuthbert; "I ſhall not limit myſelf to time or diſtance. But I ſee the propoſal is diſagreeable, therefore——"

"Diſagreeable!" echoed Sinclair: "any thing is agreeable that takes me out of the ſight of Lady Pharmacy: how the old girl will ſtorm! But in what manner are we to convey our baggage?"

"We need but little; we walk to ſee, and not to be ſeen; a change of linen may with eaſe be carried in our pockets, and—"

"Why, Cuthbert, we ſhall be taken for ſtrolling players; but I know you are poſitive;

ſitive; you let me talk, yet always will have your own way. Be it ſo. I will walk; but I tell you beforehand, that I do not promiſe to go to the world's end with you. I'll be off as ſoon as I feel no inclination to go on."

The ruſtling of ſilk proclaimed the approach of Miſs M'Alliſter. Sinclair had made free with the bottle, in order to gain courage enough to break the matter to her, and in this inſtance had rather overſhot his mark.

"Aunt, I am going to take a walk."

"Not in the damp of the evening, I hope, my love."

"No, in the cool of the morning."

"Pray don't walk upon an empty ſtomach, Sinclair. How far do you mean to go?"

"To the Land's End."

Miſs M'Alliſter ſtarted, and with ſome ſeverity demanded an explanation, which ſhe no ſooner received from Cuthbert, than ſhe employed all the rhetoric of prayers and

and threats to induce him to change his purpoſe; ſhe even hinted ſomething about altering her will, by inſinuating, that her money was at her own diſpoſal. This indirect threat rouſed the ſpirit of Sinclair, and determined him to purſue the plan laid down by his brother; he therefore coolly inquired what put her in ſuch a flutter.

"To ſee you act ſo like a fool," ſaid Miſs M'Alliſter; "though indeed Gratian obſerves, that all great capacities have ever been found difficult to ſatisfy."

"I don't know which of the Grecians ſays that," replied Sinclair, affecting ignorance; "but ſurely, aunt, what you ſay comes as pat to the purpoſe, as a pancake in a tragedy. Difficult to ſatisfy! Don't I ſay that I am going on foot? Was ever mortal more conformable, or more eaſily ſatisfied?"

"You will be expoſed to a thouſand dangers," whimpered Miſs M'Alliſter; "you will ſleep in damp ſheets; you will catch cold; you will be robbed; you will be

 murdered;

murdered; or if you do escape all these, it will be because your good fortune will make amends for your want of conduct, as Tacitus says of Cerialis."

"Dear aunt, don't let Tacitus irritate your nerves in this manner; I wish him gibbeted for conjuring up a thought to distress you."

"Don't provoke me. Don't pretend ignorance, Sinclair; confute me in plain argument, if you can. Pliny, junior—"

"Well, aunt, I care for neither senior nor junior; I will show you, nevertheless, that I have an argumentative talent: *Go I will*; that's a certain position. Now bring all *your* arguments, in battle array, and see if my fiat don't overturn them all."

After much time spent in altercation, Miss M'Allister finding no chance of succeeding to her wishes, contented herself with prescribing some general rules for the preservation of his health. He was never to walk upon an empty stomach;

was to avoid the heat of the day, yet reach the inn before ſunſet; take care of wet feet, and, above all, not walk more than five miles a day. The brothers then took their leave, and ſet off for Apſley houſe.

CHAP. II.

Far in the wilderneſs obſcure
The lonely manſion lay,
A refuge for the neighb'ring poor
And ſtranger led aſtray. GOLDSMITH.

ON a lovely morning the brothers left Apſley houſe, and proceeded on foot towards Bridgewater. Sinclair, who had made ſo many objections to the mode of travelling, now rejoiced that Crop was left behind; he whiſtled and ſung, while Cuthbert was employed in contemplating the ſurrounding ſcenery, which was burſting into life and full foliage by the cheering warmth of May. Three days had elapſed without a murmur on the part of Sinclair; he was as a bird eloped from a cage; every ſtep he took brought him farther from home, and the novel taſte of liberty ſeemed ſweeter the more it was poſſeſſed. On the morning of the fourth day,

Cuthbert diſcovered that he had loſt his map. "It is, however, of no conſequence," ſaid he; "we need only follow the high road; we have the channel in view, which will ſerve as a guide in ſome meaſure."

They left Dunſter, having procured a direction to Ilfracombe, where they propoſed reſting that night. The country now grew romantically beautiful. Falls of water murmured on the ear, and occaſionally were ſeen foaming through the vallies ſkirted with oak, and exhibiting all the glories of the ſpring. Cuthbert was enchanted at the proſpect: "How many," ſaid he, "dwell with rapture on the ſcenes of Italy, who perhaps otherwiſe have never been fifty miles from the metropolis. Should we not, before we viſit other countries, learn to praiſe the beauties of our own?" A violent ſhower now compelled them to take ſhelter at a ſmall public houſe, in the village of Porlock; here they learned that they were twenty-ſeven miles from Ilfracombe, but that they might reach the little village of

Linton

Linton before night. The ſhower laſted without intermiſſion upwards of two hours, when the ſun again emerging, caſt additional ſplendor over the face of nature. "The birds in livelier concert ſung," and the two pedeſtrians proceeded much refreſhed by their halt. The day now began to cloſe, and Sinclair firſt obſerved, that he ſaw no appearance of the village. "We are on a dreary moor," cried he, "not a tree to be ſeen! We are wrong, Cuthbert, we are out of the way, and here we may ſleep all night. They told us at Porlock, that we were but twelve miles from Linton, and by my computation we have walked fifty; I ſee no end to this curſed moor; one hill ſeems to riſe above another, as if on purpoſe to vex me. I begin to wiſh myſelf with old Mrs. Gratian."

"You are a poor traveller," replied Cuthbert, "yet I confeſs I don't like this moor; when the moon riſes we ſhall probably diſtinguiſh the path leading to the village."

"And

"And in the mean time we may both die of cold and hunger. The night air is chilly enough. My dear aunt Tacitus might well ſay we ſhould get into a ſcrape; I wiſh ſhe had at the ſame time given us a recipe how to get out of it."

After ſome time, the moon aroſe in full brilliancy, but diſcovered no path to the benighted travellers. They journeyed on in profound ſilence, only interrupted by an occaſional groan from Sinclair, who was rouſed from his reverie by his brother, who exclaimed, "Ha! what is that!"

"Mercy on me! what?"

"Do you ſee nothing there?" cried Cuthbert.

Sinclair anſwered by putting both his hands before his eyes. "What do you ſee?" demanded he in a tremulous voice.

"A man, I believe," replied Cuthbert, laughing; "but I perfectly gueſs what you think him to be, and will make the *ghoſt* ſhortly appear." He then vociferated

with

with all his might, but no anſwer was returned.

"I marked the place where the *ghoſt* made his appearance," added Cuthbert; "I muſt entreat you to accompany me ſo far; in all probability he will be kind enough to conduct us to the village."

Sinclair, aſhamed of his folly, frankly acknowledged it, but declared that the horrid wildneſs of the place was enough to appal the moſt courageous heart. They reached the ſpot where Cuthbert had diſcovered the ſtranger, but ſaw no footſteps to direct them. The moon ſhone bright, and they walked onward, in hopes of ſeeing ſome friendly taper, to ſerve as a guide, when their attention was arreſted by ſomething glittering, at a ſmall diſtance. Cuthbert picked it up; it was a red morocco pocket-book; and the moon darting upon the lock, had betrayed its ſituation; it was unclaſped, and full of papers: as it was not injured by the rain, Cuthbert concluded it had been recently

cently dropped by the perſon he had ſeen. While he was examining the book, a paper fell from it to the ground; Sinclair picked it up, and obſerved that it was poetry, by the regularity of the lines. Curioſity now prevailed. Cuthbert put the book in his pocket, unfolded the paper, which was much uſed, and by the light of the moon, which ſhone with uncommon brilliancy, prepared to read. The beginning was not legible, but ſome lines below were written very diſtinctly.

* * * * * * * *

Oh, noble Savage! in whoſe verſe refin'd,
Shines native vigor of a nervous mind!
Who never knew'ſt a parent's foſt'ring care,
Whoſe mother's vices —— * * *
Savage! accept the ſympathizing tear,
A brother baſtard ſheds upon thy bier!

"Hoity! toity!" exclaimed Sinclair; "what pariſh nurſeling has been inditing theſe woe-begone lines? But come, brother; I am half dead with cold and hunger; and my aunt told me, you know, never to be out

out after sun-set; we shall have time to finish this trumpery after supper."

"My curiosity is excited," said Cuthbert; "I must read on."

* * * * * * * *

Think not, when I invoke thy injur'd name,
I mean to blast an angel mother's fame!
Far from me be the impious thought; for know,
Mine lov'd me more than ev'ry good below.
Oh, for thy nervous pen! thy classic fire!
To make my powers equal the desire
I feel a mother's name from scorn to save,
"And weed th' intruding nettle from her grave!"

* * * * * * * *

Here many lines were defaced, and wholly illegible. Sinclair, in vain, requested his brother to proceed. Cuthbert's attention was, however, too much engrossed, to mind his repeated solicitations: he, with difficulty, made out a few more lines. The wind, which began to rise, waved the tattered manuscript, and threatened to tear it piecemeal: he continued to read as follows:

* * * * * * * *

The

The painter's art, with vivid fancy warm,
Ne'er tinged the canvaſs with ſo fair a form.

* * * * * * * *

Each grace of body, and each charm of mind,
To deck the gentle * * * combin'd.

* * * * * * * *

But ceaſe, fond heart! thy panegyric ceaſe!
And let thy parent's aſhes ſleep in peace;
Where wicked arts no longer ſhall moleſt,
And where the weary find a place of reſt;
Till purg'd from earthly droſs, her ſpirit ſoar
To worlds where guilt and ſorrow are no more.

* * * * * * * *

And yet her anxious, fond, maternal care,
Is cauſe of all the ſtinging pains I bear;
To my inſtruction ſhe her hours reſign'd,
And ſow'd the ſeeds of feeling in my mind:
This taught me how to weep another's pain;
To ſpurn the petty tyrant's galling chain;
To riſe vindictive from oppreſſion's ſtroke;
To be myſelf, and ſpurn a ſervile yoke!
Ah fatal feeling! pleaſing anxious woe!
To thee full many bitter tears I owe!
Unus'd to crouch, or kiſs th' impending rod,
I ſcorn to kneel to any but my God.

* * * * * * * *

Let then the ſlaviſh herd, by worth abhorr'd,
Lick up the ſlaver of their haughty lord!

Let

Let them applaud his taunts with pliant tongue,
And fatten on the dunghill, whence they ſprung!
For me let honeſt freedom——

* * * * * * * *

The remainder was wholly illegible.

"Theſe lines," ſaid Cuthbert, after a pauſe, "are incorrect, but they indicate the anguiſh of a feeling heart: let us attempt to find the village; perhaps we may meet with the owner of this pocket-book."

"And if he is any thing of a gentleman, he will give us a good ſupper for our trouble," returned Sinclair; and at the ſame moment, to his great joy, diſcovered a light at ſome diſtance; it iſſued from a valley, to which the weary travellers immediately directed their ſteps. The road now grew very rugged; huge fragments of ſtone obſtructed their paſſage; and the roaring of the ſea, and the raging wind, ſtruck the heart with diſmay, and did not a little enhance the value of the expected ſhelter. At length, after much toil, they arrived at the retreat whence the light iſſued; it was a

thatched

thatched cottage; the window was low, and formed of ſmall ſquare panes of glaſs; a white dimity curtain, half drawn, afforded ſufficient ſpace to diſtinguiſh the whole apartment; and at the ſame time acted as a ſcreen for the travellers. Both were equally aſtoniſhed, on a view of the chamber; the walls were whitewaſhed; a ſmall fire, and two wax candles, on a table covered with a green cloth, gave the whole an appearance of extreme neatneſs; a ſmall picture hung over the chimney; but the diſtance would not permit them to diſtinguiſh the ſubject; a piano-forte, with ſeveral muſic-books, occupied one corner of the room; over the inſtrument hung what appeared to be a painting; but it was enveloped in a black cloth. This immediately ſtruck Sinclair with awe; his judgment could not withſtand the force of imagination; and he formed no very advantageous idea of the owner of the manſion. The chamber was unoccupied; but it ſeemed as if ſomebody had juſt quitted it; and Cuthbert, after ſome

ſome heſitation, gently knocked at the door; it was opened by a gentleman whoſe countenance greatly intereſted the elder, while it diſpelled the fears of the younger traveller. Cuthbert, in a few words, informed him of their ſituation, and begged either a guide or direction to the neareſt village. "The village is at no great diſtance," ſaid the ſtranger; "but I fear the accommodations are ſuch as you are but little accuſtomed to; if you will ſtep into my cottage, I will endeavour to procure you a guide, or act in that capacity myſelf." Curioſity impelled Cuthbert, and cold induced Sinclair, to accept the offer: they followed their hoſt into the parlour which had ſo much excited their curioſity, and ſoon loſt all regret at having miſſed the road. Cuthbert had now an opportunity of conſidering the ſtranger; he was above the common ſize, and elegantly formed; his face was pale, but not cadaverous; grief and ſettled melancholy ſeemed to have uſurped their empire on a countenance which Lavater would have pronounced

nounced worthy better guests; his light hazel eyes were, in the highest degree, expressive; and his auburn hair, which he wore short, and without powder, added a noble simplicity to his appearance. The wind, which had been rising some time, now blew a perfect hurricane: no guide could be procured; and the stranger, with much sweetness, declared that he did not regret the want of one. "I seldom see company," said he, with a faint smile, that seemed to be at variance with his usual practice; "but if you can put up with the accommodations this cottage affords, I shall esteem your company as a favor to myself."

The brothers, after many apologies, accepted the invitation; and the stranger, begging them to excuse his absence, left the room.

Sinclair now gave a loose to the ideas which had arisen respecting their host; at one time he thought him a French spy; but what should a spy do in the north of Devon? Then he was a madman; but a madman

would not live in ſo comfortable a ſtyle. Then a lover; but a lover would have leaped into the ſea, or thrown himſelf from a precipice long before. At length, he ended, by declaring he did not know what to make of him. Cuthbert, whoſe attention was wholly engroſſed by the picture that hung over the chimney, paid no regard to the ingenious conjectures of his brother. This picture was a rough ſketch, in crayons, and repreſented a lady, whoſe dejected attitude, and mild expreſſion of anguiſh, perfectly anſwered the idea of our immortal bard, when he drew the ſuffering Ophelia; a bunch of corn-flowers connected her hair; and the ſimple drapery that deſcended to her feet, proved that ſhe had choſen to be repreſented in the character; ſhe ſeemed paſt the bloom of youth, indeed; but grief, and not time, had robbed her cheek of its glow. Cuthbert fancied he could trace ſome reſemblance between the portrait and his entertainer. "Perhaps," ſaid he to

Sinclair,

Sinclair, "this lady is ſiſter to our hoſpitable friend."

"More likely a dearer connexion," ſaid Sinclair, laughing; "don't you ſee that ſhe is an actreſs?"

"I ſee that ſhe is pourtrayed in the character of Ophelia; but it does not follow—"

"Siſter, or not," interrupted Sinclair, "ſhe is certainly a beautiful woman. But pray, Cuthbert, ſince you are ſo adroit at gueſſing, be ſo good as to inform me what is the meaning of *that?*" pointing to the black veil.

"Probably ſome picture which the owner does not wiſh to expoſe to common obſervation."

"It looks very horrid, though; I don't half like it; I wiſh I could have a peep. Ha! ſomebody is coming."

"Your preſent panic is an inadequate puniſhment for your unjuſtifiable curioſity; it is an ill return to our entertainer, to pry into what he evidently wiſhes to conceal."

"Why wrapped in a *black* cloth?" muttered Sinclair; "why in *black?*"

This converſation was interrupted by the entrance of the ſtranger. "You muſt certainly want ſome refreſhment," cried he, putting a foaming jug of ale upon the table; "and I am ſorry my cottage can afford no better beverage than malt liquors."

Sinclair eyed the jug with rapture, and ſignified his approbation of its contents, by a hearty draught; no ſervant had as yet appeared; the ſtranger waited upon himſelf; yet the apartment was all neatneſs and regularity; and it ſeemed as if no ſmall pains were uſed to keep it in order. A converſation on indifferent topics took place, while Sinclair eyed the door, for the appearance of ſupper: to his great joy and ſurpriſe, an elderly woman entered the room, and covering the table, told the ſtranger that "Zupper would be ready in den minutes."

Cuthbert now requeſted his hoſt to take his ſeat at the piano-forte; he complied, and executed ſeveral difficult pieces of muſic with the utmoſt taſte and judgment. He took up a ſmall paper: "This," cried he, "is

"is reckoned a beautiful compoſition." He began to play; the air was ſolemn and impreſſive; his cheek ſeemed to glow with unuſual ſuffuſion; he ſtruck a few notes with more than common pathos; his breath grew ſhort; a tear ſtarted into his eye, and he abruptly quitted the piano-forte. Cuthbert attributed his emotion to the right cauſe—to a delicate ſenſibility, that felt all the charms of "the concord of ſweet ſounds." Sinclair wondered what had cauſed his abrupt deſertion of the inſtrument; but his every idea on the ſubject vaniſhed, on the appearance of ſupper. The fowls were excellent; nor did the trout fail to come in for a due ſhare of encomium. The ale, which ſtood by Sinclair, was not neglected; and his brain, unuſed to ſuch a beverage, ſoon experienced its potency.

As ſoon as ſupper was concluded, the ſtranger obſerved, that as the wind was abated, and the moon in full radiance, they might, perhaps, find ſome pleaſure in a con-

 templation

templation of the ſurrounding ſcenery; "provided," ſaid he, "your walk has not been already too fatiguing."

Cuthbert, with pleaſure, aſſented to the propoſal; but Sinclair, who had leſs curioſity, and was more weary, ſaid that he would await their return: left alone, he poured out a glaſs of ale, and was ſetting himſelf to take a nap, when his eye glanced upon the black veil; and he ſtarted with apprehenſion. "What can that cloth cover?" thought he: "I have a great inclination to look behind it; but if ſome frightful object ſhould ſtrike me with horror—a coffin and croſs bones, or a woman with her throat cut—I will look," added he, ſtaggering up to the black cloth, but as haſtily retiring. At length, by an effort of reſolution, aſhamed of his cowardice, he approached, and ſtretched his hand to remove it:—at the ſame moment a tremendous blaſt ſhook the cottage, and the veil became agitated. Sinclair gaſped, half ſcreamed, and threw himſelf, pale and breathleſs, upon the win-

dow-feat; his frame convulfed, and every nerve thrilling with horror. He continued for fome time in this agony of mind, when his attention was aroufed by the voice of the ftranger and Cuthbert, who were returning from their fhort walk: he compofed his countenance, and eagerly embraced the earlieft opportunity of retiring to reft. The brothers were conducted to their apartment by their hoft; the room was fmall, but contained two beds with ftriped woollen curtains; thefe were occupied at other times by the old fervant and a poor parifhioner: they at prefent went to a farmer's in the neighbourhood.

Cuthbert now informed his brother that the ftranger had earneftly preffed him to take up his abode for a few days at the cottage; but he had not promifed before he had confulted him. Sinclair vowed that he would not ftay a moment longer than was abfolutely neceffary, to fave the nation from deftruction: he then gave a full relation of what had paffed during his brother's abfence, and failed not

to add all the embellishments his heated fancy suggested. Cuthbert, in vain, opposed all the arguments reason could suggest, or ridicule enforce, to combat the superstitious credulity of his brother.

"I heard a groan," added Sinclair.

"The wind penetrating the thatched roof."

"The black curtain waved; the window rattled; the——"

"Well," cried Cuthbert, "I shall not at present attempt to refute so childish an opinion, and shall only observe, that, had the curtain been *green*, it would have raised no other sensation than curiosity."

Sinclair seemed struck by this simple observation, and soon found, in sleep, a cessation of alarm; indeed, so profound was his repose, that it was with difficulty his brother could awaken him the next morning.

Their host awaited them in the parlour; and daylight having calmed the fears of Sinclair, he ventured to contemplate, with some degree of composure, the object of his last night's alarm. The old servant ap-

peared

peared with the breakfaſt. "Mrs. Groſe," ſaid the ſtranger, "be ſo good as to remove the cloth; the ſun does not fall upon that part of the room." Mrs. Groſe obeyed, and the myſterious veil being withdrawn, diſcloſed a painting, in oil, of which the crayon ſketch was evidently the original. "Are you a judge of paintings, ſir?" ſaid the ſtranger, addreſſing himſelf to Sinclair, who was wiſhing the houſe might fall upon his head.

"I am; that is, I, I, I, am not a very—"

"I mean, if you be a connoiſſeur, to implore your indulgence for a firſt attempt."

"You are a painter as well as muſician?" exclaimed Cuthbert.

"Painting and muſic are ſiſter arts," ſaid the ſtranger; "and I poſſeſs a ſuperficial knowledge of both."

"Do you add poetry to the catalogue of your attainments?" ſaid Cuthbert; for the idea of the pocket-book now firſt ſtruck his remembrance.

"The tribe of poets is of late become

ſo numerous," ſaid the ſtranger, "that a man muſt be bleſt with uncommon genius, and uncommon good fortune, to raiſe himſelf above the level of his cotemporaries. From the peer who tranſlates a German poem he cannot comprehend, to the apprentice who pens a ſonnet to his *ſweet* maid when he ought to pack raiſins of the ſun, all are tainted with the poetic mania; by which means the muſe is often barbarouſly maſſacred, and poor common ſenſe kicked out of doors."

Cuthbert ſmiled at the acrimony of this remark, and concluded that the pocket-book belonged to another; but, continuing the converſation, "You are then," ſaid he, "an enemy to the levelling ſyſtem of education, which ſome philoſophers declare ſo eſſential to the general happineſs of the world?"

"I do not," ſaid the ſtranger, "wiſh to confine the bleſſings of education to thoſe only of a ſuperior rank; but how often do we ſee parents of mean eſtate deny them-

themſelves the neceſſaries of life to educate a darling ſon! What is the conſequence of this miſtaken tenderneſs? A conſciouſneſs of ability, and no means to call it into action. Genius will, ſelf-taught, ſurmount all obſtacles; but it is cruelty, not kindneſs, to illumine that mind, which of itſelf would have been contented with obſcurity, and happy in a ſtate of uncultivated ruſticity; to ſhow it vice triumphant dragging inſulted merit at her chariot-wheels: believe me—

> "Where ignorance is bliſs,
> 'Tis folly to be wiſe."

"But does not education teach us to deſpiſe the ſuperior happineſs that is not concomitant with virtue?"

"It does; but will it teach us to bear the neglect of the world? Will it teach us to confine our ideas to the narrow circle in which ſlighted merit is doomed to move? Will it teach us to deſpiſe the ingratitude of ſome friends, and forgive the defalca-

tion of others? Oh no! philoſophy may preſcribe rules, but the heart will ſpurn at obedience; every ſeverity practiſed by an unnatural parent, is light in compariſon to that of one, who, through miſtaken tenderneſs, teaches his offspring to imbibe the principles of ſuperiority, when fortune has denied her bleſſing, or obſcurity thrown a veil upon his proſpects." The ſtranger concluded with a deep ſigh:—Cuthbert perceived his emotion, and changing the ſubject, talked of his departure.

"You then think poſitively of going this morning?"

"I ſhould be ſorry to break in upon your retirement, and fear I have already been too great an intruder."

"Your ſociety can never, I am perſuaded, be otherwiſe than pleaſing," obſerved the ſtranger. "It is now eight months ſince I have ſeen a human being with whom to converſe, and I vainly imagined that I ſhould never wiſh to ſee another. If buſineſs call you away, far be it from me to

oppoſe

oppoſe your departure; yet, if you can afford me your company for a day or two, perhaps the beauty of the country may be ſome compenſation for the retirement of a hermitage."

Sinclair eagerly expreſſed his wiſh to ſtay, and Cuthbert aſſented with unfeigned pleaſure. He now firſt mentioned the diſcovery of the pocket-book, and the ſtranger inſtantly claimed it as his own.

"I dropt it yeſterday," ſaid he, "on the moor; I walk more by night than by day; I heard ſome voices at a diſtance, but imagined them to proceed from the ruſtics of the village in ſearch of ſtrayed cattle; I am happy that you have found it, for it contains to me an invaluable treaſure." He then took a paper from among many others, and diſplayed a lock of auburn hair of a ſurpriſing length.

"This formerly belonged to that lady," ſaid he, pointing to the ſketch in crayons: "how precious is this relic!"—A tear ſtarted into his eye.

"Pardon

"Pardon my curiosity," said Cuthbert; "but the similarity of features makes me imagine she is a relation."

"I am reckoned like my mother."—The tear silently stole down his cheek.

"Forgive me," eagerly exclaimed Cuthbert; "I meant not to cause you a moment's pain; I ought not to have touched upon the subject, especially upon one where your grief is evidently recent."

"It is, it ever will be recent to me," said the stranger; "though the world will say that fourteen years are sufficient to calm the most excruciating sorrow."

"Good God! you must have been a child at her death," exclaimed Sinclair, whose wonder exceeded all bounds of decorum.

"I was ten years a happy inhabitant of the world: I have since tried its pleasures, and found them futile; its friendships, and found them interested; its inhabitants at large, and found them vile."

"Human nature is your very humble servant,"

ſervant," muttered Sinclair between his teeth.

The ſtranger, not hearing this remark, continued: "From ſuch a ſcene of fraud and falſehood, from ſuch a ſcene of complicated depravity, is it wonderful that I turn my thoughts to thoſe hours of joy, when, under the protection of a deſervedly adored mother, of my only diſintereſted friend, I enjoyed the ſweets of peace, and wore the unbluſhing front of innocence? You wonder that time has not obliterated the ſenſe of ſorrow; aſk the man, who, when a child, was deprived of the bleſſings of ſight, if he remembers not with tranſport the face of nature; if he does not fondly in imagination retrace the glorious ſcene, and ſigh when he reflects on the impoſſibility of its return! I loſt ſight of happineſs when my parent ſunk into the grave—and all that now remains, is a ſorrow as deep rooted as unavailing."

He ſighed; the brothers were ſilent, and ſeemed to reſpect his grief too much to

offer any remark on what he had ſo energetically pronounced. A ſilence of ſome minutes enſued, which was broken by the ſtranger:—" I would propoſe a fiſhing party," cried he, " but I only poſſeſs a ſingle rod; if, however, you are an admirer (as I have reaſon to think) of the beauties of Nature, I can ſhow you ſome views not to be equalled, perhaps, in the kingdom."

Cuthbert willingly acceded to the propoſal; but Sinclair requeſted the loan of the fiſhing-rod; and having received it, departed to the river ſide; while his brother and the ſtranger aſcended a ſteep cliff leading to the village of Linton. The church was ſituated on the brow of the precipice: a ſtrong wall compoſed of the ſtone with which Devonſhire abounds, and without cement, environed the building. The narrow winding road by which the travellers aſcended, was ſeen ſkirted by a hedge of fir, poplar, and box, while an orchard was here and there diſperſed along the cliff; the eye dwelt with a pleaſure,

not

not unmixed with fear, upon the ſcene below. From between two cliffs of an enormous height, upon which the driving miſts formed the appearance of clouds, guſhed a narrow rapid river, foaming over rocks of immenſe magnitude, till, joining its waters with a ſtream no leſs rapid, it at length flowed in a clear expanſe to join the Briſtol channel.

Enthuſiaſm ſeized the heart of Cuthbert. "Good heavens," cried he, "what a ſcene! How beautifully varied is the proſpect! At once the moſt luxuriant and terrific images of Nature are preſented. Is it poſſible that you can have left ſuch a ſpot unſung?"

"Such a ſpot deſerves a better pen than mine," ſaid the ſtranger; "yet, as I wandered along the beach, I once ventured a ſonnet in its praiſe." He took a paper from his pocket-book, and preſented it to Cuthbert.

SONNET.

As ſlow I muſe along thy lonely ſhore,
 Linton, my wand'ring eye delights to view
Thy lofty hills, where ev'ry varied hue
 Kind Nature ſcatters from her pictur'd ſtore;

And

'And as thy waves soft undulate around,
' Their peace-persuading murmurs sooth my heart;
Inspiring truer rapture than the sound
Of music waken'd by the pow'r of art.

Enchanting spot! though doom'd by fate to stray,
Through life, far distant from thy tranquil scene,
Should grief hereafter bend me to its sway,
Or fierce desires or anger intervene;
Remembrance then on thy calm shore shall dwell,
And bid tumultuous feelings cease to swell.

Cuthbert returning the paper, thanked his host for the pleasure it had afforded him, and, at the same time, applauded his choice of so sweet a situation.

The stranger sighed: "Unwillingly," said he, "shall I quit my retirement, yet shortly shall I be necessitated to do so. I never was at liberty to form a choice of my own, or with what pleasure should I here lay down a life, which, though short, has been marked with a larger share of sorrow than generally falls to the lot of a longer date? I see you look at me with surprise; I see you wish, but are by delicacy restrain-

ed

ed from aſking what ſufferings have driven me from ſociety, and chilled a heart that once beat with philanthropy."

Cuthbert frankly acknowledged his ſurpriſe at the ſtranger's ſecluded ſituation, and likewiſe expreſſed a wiſh of knowing any part of the circumſtances which were productive of it, provided the relation would not be too painful.

"Painful it muſt be to recapitulate the ſcenes of ſorrow into which my own folly, and the want of feeling in others, have plunged me; yet it is ſoothing to unboſom myſelf to one capable perhaps of pity: I look not for friendſhip, I am convinced of its non-exiſtence; I have dearly bought experience: may you profit by my follies!"

CHAP.

CHAP. III.

Femmina è cosa garrula e fallace,
Vuole e disvuole: è folle uom che sen fida. TASSO.

"MY name is Forester—an assumed name: I have no *right* to any. The offspring of shame in the eye of the world, I am branded with the epithet of illegitimate. My mother—" he stopt and changed color, but after a short pause proceeded—"My mother was a woman lovely in her person, and engaging in her manners; to a highly cultivated education she joined a purity of mind, that nothing but brutality could repress, or villany subdue. She married at an early period of life a naval officer of the name of Middlewich: this gentleman, to the most engaging manners, added every accomplishment Nature could bestow, except goodness of heart. Under the idea of my mother being an heiress, he first made his

his addreſſes to her at a boarding-ſchool, where he was ſometimes admitted as a brother of one of the young ladies. An elopement was agreed upon and effected; and my grandfather, irritated at his daughter's miſconduct, left by will all his vaſt poſſeſſions to various houſes of charity. The tenderneſs Middlewich affected to ſhow my unfortunate mother was now laid aſide, and the moſt cutting indifference ſucceeded to the moſt laviſh profeſſions of love. She had attained her eighteenth year, and was about to produce a pledge of their union, when the admiral, ſtruck with her uncommon beauty, as ſhe walked with her huſband at Portſmouth, inquired who ſhe was, and declared her to be the moſt angelic woman he had ever beheld.—Middlewich ſoon heard that his wife was diſtinguiſhed by the gallant admiral; his love for her had ceaſed with the loſs of her ſuppoſed fortune; nevertheleſs, jealouſy the moſt fell, took poſſeſſion of his heart. He treated her with the utmoſt ſeverity; confined

fined her to her chamber; and when he saw her at meals, it was only to ſhock her ear with his curſes, or ſtab her to the heart by his reproaches. The fleet was to ſail in a few days. Middlewich wrote a cool note to his wife, that ſhe muſt take up her abode with his mother, who would be good enough to ſhelter her; and concluded, by obſerving, that as the fleet was ſhortly to ſail, he ſhould not ſee her for ſome time. The cruel indifference of this note ſtruck her to the ſoul; ſhe loved her huſband; loved him in ſpite of his barbarity; and ſurmounting every fear, by baniſhing every thought but that of ſeeing him again, ſhe procured a boat, and was conveyed on board the admiral's ſhip, where Middlewich was lieutenant. She tremblingly aſcended the veſſel's ſide, and with horror obſerved, on his approach, that her huſband was in a ſtate of intoxication; his rage, on ſeeing her, knew no bounds; he ſwore at her with unmanly outrage; and, ſneeringly, demanding if ſhe was not come to take leave of the admiral,

aimed

aimed a blow at his unoffending wife, which was warded off by an officer, in whose arms ſhe fainted. The admiral was at this time on board; the murmur of indignation that pervaded the ſhip, reached his ear, and he approached the place, where he beheld a ſight ſhocking to humanity: a lovely woman lay, to all appearance, dead upon the deck, while two officers with difficulty reſtrained Middlewich from trampling upon her defenceleſs body: he foamed with rage; and every nerve in commotion, bore teſtimony of his brutality. Upon the approach of the admiral, his exclamations took even a more violent turn; he inveighed againſt him as the ſeducer of his wife, and exhibited ſuch mutinous behaviour, that he was ſecured in his cabin. My mother was conveyed on ſhore, where the agitation of her ſpirits produced a violent fever, which ended in a miſcarriage. She was now reduced to deſpair; ſhe diſdained the protection of her mother-in-law; and the heireſs of two hundred thouſand pounds attempted to gain a

precarious

precarious livelihood by embroidery and needlework. At the expiration of ſix weeks, the fleet returned to Portſmouth; ſhe then learned that her unfortunate huſband had put a period to his exiſtence, in order to avoid the ſentence of a court-martial. The admiral now came forward as her friend; he offered her every aſſiſtance her diſtreſſed ſituation required; and, in ſhort, his behaviour conciliating her eſteem, in a weak moment, ſhe fell from virtue, accepted the diſpoſal of his fortune, and enjoyed all the attentions due to a wife, but the ceremony of marriage.

"My mother had now bade adieu to innocence; but her heart was not to be contaminated. The admiral's fondneſs was little ſhort of idolatry; and the vaſt ſums he laviſhed upon her with an unſparing hand, were uniformly employed in cheering the diſtreſſed, or ſoothing the broken in ſpirit: the honeſt bankrupt, the diſtreſſed widow, the friendleſs perſecuted orphan, found in her a protectreſs, and a ſympathizing friend. The hands of the ob-

 jects

jects of her bounty were daily raised to heaven in her behalf; and not a day elapsed but one was added to the number. You have seen her picture, when in the decline of life; but this," taking a miniature from his pocket, "was executed when she was in the bloom of beauty, and pride of affluence."

Cuthbert took the miniature, and beheld a blaze of charms which almost surpassed idea; she appeared about the age of eighteen; her hair flowed in natural ringlets, round a face expressive of the mildest benevolence; a cheerful smile played upon her features; and an innocent vivacity seemed an index of the calm within.

"This picture," resumed Forester, "was executed at the request of the admiral, to whom she had presented a son. On the evening preceding his departure on a cruise, he tied the miniature round the neck of his sleeping infant, then two years old. 'This picture,' said he, 'shall belong to my boy; may he long wear it, out of regard to his angel-

angel-mother! I cannot, however, consent wholly to give it up; I therefore request that my Ellen will have a copy taken, or again favour the painter with a sitting.'

"She preferred the former, and waited with impatience the return of her lover: alas! she was never more to behold him. A pleurisy put a period to his existence; and as he died intestate, my mother found herself, with an infant son, reduced to beggary. I now hasten to a part of her history, which is not easily developed. She passed over to Italy, and it is reported, with what truth I know not, that an English nobleman became a slave to her attractions. I have great reason to believe myself the fruit of that amour. Be it as it may, my mother, on her return to England, which was shortly after my birth, retired to an obscure village near London, having assumed the name of Selmore: here she watched over my brother and myself with the most maternal solicitude, till the relations of the admiral interfered, and removed the child from her protection,

upon

upon a promiſe of amply providing for him; ſhe tied the miniature round his neck, and weeping, embraced him for the laſt time. Her whole care now devolved on me; I was the object of her thoughts by day, and her dreams by night; with me ſhe found a charm in exiſtence, and conſoled herſelf for the obloquy ſhe bore when attending to my infant garrulity. Ten happy years paſſed quickly on, when the health of my mother, always delicate, began to decline. Habitual melancholy had ravaged her conſtitution, and a conſumption being apprehended, ſhe was ordered to Briſtol; ſhe intended paſſing ſix weeks at that place, more in compliance with the advice of Dr. Rutherford, than from any opinion ſhe formed of receiving benefit from the waters: in the mean time I was ſent to the houſe of a milliner, who owed her ſituation to the bounty of my mother.

"Mrs. Burgeſs, a widow lady, with an only daughter, frequented the ſhop; ſhe ſeemed ſtruck with my appearance, and aſked

Mrs. Craven to permit me to remain at her houſe till my mother ſhould return from Briſtol. Mrs. Craven joyfully conſented, and the good lady took me home with her. Would to Heaven I had never entered the fatal dwelling! for there I firſt ſaw Emily Burgeſs: I may date all my miſeries from that moment. Emily was tall, and elegantly formed; her eyes and hair were of the lighteſt brown; every glance was ſufficient to attract the beholder; and without being a perfect beauty, ſhe was univerſally admired. I loved her as my ſiſter, and ſhe would not conſent at any time to be ſeparated from her little favourite; for I uſed, in whatever company I might be, to play with her treſſes, and praiſe the whiteneſs of her teeth, or the delicacy of her hands. Emily, at the age of fifteen, was a finiſhed coquet: greedy of admiration, ſhe ſeized every opportunity of diſplaying her charms; and to ſecure her empire, would ſtop at no action, however unworthy.

" At length, a letter arrived from Briſtol; it was from my mother's favourite

maid: ſhe informed Mrs. Craven that her miſtreſs had died ſuddenly at the hot-well, and that her corpſe was on the road to her villa, as it was always her deſire to be buried in the place where ſhe had paſſed her happieſt hours. This circumſtance was kept ſecret from me, though known to all the village beſide; but when, from a window, I beheld the funeral proceſſion, and heard the name of Selmore repeated, I inſtantly comprehended the extent of my miſfortune, and fell ſenſeleſs to the ground. In the ſoothing company of Emily I gradually recovered my ſpirits; yet the loſs of my parent hung heavy on my heart, and the impreſſion will never be wholly eraſed. Mrs. Craven received a letter from a gentleman of the name of Creſwell, informing her that ſhe ſhould be paid for my maintenance, till my friends thought proper to remove me. Mrs. Burgeſs kept me ſtill at her houſe, for Emily could not conſent to part with me. I was a little flatterer; and adulation, from whatever quarter, was grateful

grateful to her. One morning, as I was reading to my lovely friend, an elegant chariot and four drove up the avenue: a gentleman inquired if a youth of the name of Middlewich was in the houſe? On being told there was, he entered the parlour. Mrs. Burgeſs received him with politeneſs; but he ſcarce deigned to notice her; and requeſting that my clothes might be packed with all diligence, he declared that he muſt immediately take me to London. Emily gently inquired if I might not ſometimes be permitted to viſit her mother? Creſwell informed her that it muſt not be: 'It would be well for him,' ſaid he, 'if he could forget all his childiſh connexions.' Mrs. Burgeſs, juſtly irritated at his unfeeling impertinence, gave the neceſſary orders for my departure; and I was torn, by violence, from my protectreſs. The chariot proceeded to London: during the journey, I wept, and Creſwell grumbled without intermiſſion; I now and then diſtinguiſhed ſome words that eſcaped him. 'Fine trouble

trouble with other people's brats! why not ſend him to the pariſh? plague me with a ſnivelling chit!' The chariot ſtopped in Pall-mall. Creſwell deſcended firſt, leaving me to follow, which I did, with a palpitating heart. The room into which I entered, was furniſhed with more ſplendour than taſte; I ſighed when I drew the compariſon between that and the elegant ſimplicity of Selmore cottage.

" Mr. Creſwell's perſon formed a contraſt to his abode; he was a little man, not above the height of five feet, deeply ſcarred with the ſmall pox; and a pair of buſhy black eye-brows gave an additional horror to his ſallow cheek. He aſked me, in as gentle a tone as he was capable of aſſuming, if I choſe any refreſhment? I ſighed a negative. 'Oh, oh! if you are ſulky, my little hero, you may walk off to bed; I ſhall get rid of you to-morrow, and I firmly hope that I ſhall never ſee that blubbered face again.' Glad of an opportunity of retiring, I withdrew to my bed; but ſleep was a ſtranger to my eye-lids.

Young as I was, I could not but feel my forlorn situation. My mother's image at one moment melted me into tears; while the reproaches of the imperious Creswell aroused my irascibility. The following day I was conveyed in a hackney-coach to my new abode; it was at a clergyman's house, about four miles from London; he educated another besides myself.

"Here seven years of my life passed away in a monstrous torpor; no maternal eye glittered with rapture for me; no soothing friend cheered my daily task; I rose to run my stated round of study, and sunk to rest unloving and unbeloved. I had frequently written to Emily; but, doubtless, good care was taken that my letters should never reach her. One morning, as I was composing a theme for the next day, I was summoned to the parlour, and the ungracious countenance of Creswell struck me with dismay. I slightly bowed.

"'Do you remember me,' young gentleman?' demanded he.

"'Perfectly, sir.'

"'I thought you had forgotten me: do you wiſh to leave your preſent ſituation? you are at liberty, if you pleaſe.'

"'I have no reaſon, ſir, to wiſh ſuch a thing; I am as well at this place as I could be elſewhere. Mr. Bloxham is very kind to me; and ſince my mother's death I have found ſo few——'

"'Aprôpos about your mother: ſhould you know her again, were you to ſee her?'

"'This queſtion, ſir, is ſurely an unneceſſary cruelty,' exclaimed I, with indignation; 'ſhe is dead, and——'

"'I don't mean to diſtreſs you, ſir,' returned Creſwell, evidently ſtruggling to repreſs his anger; 'look at this picture; is it like her?'

"He put a miniature into my hands; it was, indeed, a perfect reſemblance; I eagerly devoured it with my eyes, and haſtily wiped away the tears which dimmed them, that I might not, for a moment, loſe the happineſs of beholding the angelic countenance that beamed with her well-known

 ſweetneſs;

ſweetneſs: at length, I returned the miniature to Creſwell, and with a ſigh, requeſted that he would confer upon me an indelible obligation, by ſuffering me to have a copy.

"'A copy!' cried he; 'what, the copy of a copy! I don't know, nor I don't care, where the original may be; but this was taken from it ſome years ago; and your mother, in her laſt will, bequeathed it to you, when you ſhould arrive at the age of ſixteen: it is all you will ever get by her. You are now a year older, and no longer a child; you are an enſign in the —— regiment, which will go ſhortly to the Weſt Indies; in about ſix weeks, I believe. In the mean time, if you pleaſe, you may enjoy all the diverſions London affords; it will be long enough before you enjoy them again.'

"I accepted his offer, took leave of Mr. Bloxham, and in a few days was equipped with every article of dreſs that could ſooth the

the vanity of a young fellow who had no indifferent opinion of his perſon.

"Creſwell, to do him juſtice, ſupplied me with money ſufficient to make my expenſes anſwerable to my appearance; and three weeks were conſumed in a round of diſſipation with young men of faſhion, of my own age; for whoſe acquaintance I was indebted to the friendſhip of Sir Edward Fullerton: he had been my companion at Mr. Bloxham's, and an uninterrupted intercourſe had ſubſiſted between us. Sir Edward called on me one morning after breakfaſt, and propoſed a walk in the Park; I aſſented, and we had not proceeded far, before an officer in regimentals accoſted my friend, who introduced him to me by the name of Captain Matthews.

"After taking a few turns, Sir Edward expreſſed a wiſh to proceed to Kenſington, as he wanted to call on an acquaintance: we agreed, and croſſing the gardens, were ſoon at the place of our deſtination. Major Meredith was not at home; and we

were adjourning to procure ſome iced creams, when our attention was arreſted by two ladies, who eyed us with the moſt ſcrutinizing gaze: their appearance was ſuch as to preclude any ſuſpicion, in regard to their character; they were attended by two footmen in ſplendid liveries; and a vis-à-vis, at a ſhort diſtance, evidently belonged to the fair pedeſtrians.

"'How the pretty creatures ſtare!' exclaimed Matthews; 'now would I give a hundred guineas to know which of us is the object of attention!'

"'All three, perhaps,' cries Fullerton; 'but it would be a pity to rob them of ſo innocent an amuſement; let us ſaunter up and down the pavement, and ſee how the buſineſs will end.'

"The ladies now ſlowly paſſed by; they ſtill eyed us with curioſity, and we were not deficient in returning their glances; at length, the elder addreſſing the younger, ſaid, in an audible whiſper, 'Cecilia, 'tis he;

he; I know him by his eyes; 'tis he; I muſt ſend William to inquire.'

"They paſſed on, and we awaited the iſſue of this adventure with impatience. It was not long before we were relieved from ſuſpenſe; the ladies had gained the end of the pavement, and whiſpering one of their footmen, he inſtantly left them, and coming up to Sir Edward, inquired if his name was Middlewich? I informed him that that name once belonged to me (for Creſwell, from ſome whim, had obliged me to aſſume that of Foreſter).

"'Miſs Burgeſs, ſir, has ſent me to——'

"It was enough; I flew from my companions, and in a moment joined my fair diſcoverer; all paſt ſcenes, ſcenes of peace and joy, ruſhed upon my mind; and I experienced unalloyed happineſs, for the firſt time ſince I was torn from the abode of my childhood. I will not trouble you with the converſation that followed. Emily's eyes beamed with rapture; and I conducted her to the carriage, having obtained

her

her addreſs, and willing permiſſion to wait upon her the next morning. Sir Edward and Captain Matthews were returned to London; I had agreed to dine with the former at the Bedford. It was now five o'clock, and I did not reach that place till near ſeven; I found our party increaſed by Major Meredith. Dinner was ſerved immediately. I apologized for my long ſtay; but Sir Edward, laughing, aſſured me, he was far from expecting me at all.

"'But tell me honeſtly, Foreſter,' added he, 'who was that elegant creature who *knew you by your eyes*.'

"'Her name is Burgeſs.' Meredith ſtarted.

"'Burgeſs!' exclaimed he, 'Emily Burgeſs?'

"'The ſame; ſhe gave me her addreſs at Lady Fazakerly's in Portland Place.'

"'Have you been long acquainted with the lady?' demanded Meredith.

"'I am, I believe, one of her earlieſt acquaintance; but ſeven years are paſt ſince

I have

I have had the happineſs of ſeeing her. I hope to paſs to-morrow morning in Portland Place; and ſhe has given me to underſtand that nobody elſe will be admitted.'

" 'But,' ſaid Meredith, in a tone half ironical, 'as I generally make one of the morning party, I ſhall, I hope, not be included in the proſcription.'

" 'That is as the lady pleaſes,' cried Fullerton, laughing; 'but I'll bet you a hundred that you are excluded to-morrow. Come, Meredith, let me give you ſome of this devilled biſcuit, no bad emblem of yourſelf, dry and fiery.'

" This ſally reſtored the good humor of the table, which was nearly put to flight, and I retired at an early hour to reflect on the happineſs the morrow would beſtow. I aroſe at ſeven after a ſleepleſs night; I counted every hour as it ſlowly rolled away: at length, ten o'clock ſtruck, I met Creſ-well at breakfaſt, and ordered the footman to call me a hackney-coach, as it rained with violence.

" 'Going

" 'Going out so early, sir?' said my guardian; 'it is not yet eleven o'clock.'

" 'I must call by appointment in Portland Place,' said I, coolly.

" 'Well, well, this racketting will soon be over; the vessel will sail in a month at farthest, and then I warrant the air of St. Lucia will keep you quiet enough.'

" My voyage had never struck me with any but pleasurable ideas. I had no friends to regret. This accidental meeting with Emily attached me to my native country; and my behaviour evinced such confusion, that had not Creswell been employed in pouring out his tenth dish of cocoa, it would not have escaped his notice.

" On my arrival at Portland Place, I eagerly inquired for Miss Burgess, and was ushered up to the drawing-room, at the door of which I was met by my lovely friend, who expressed the greatness of her satisfaction in the most unequivocal terms.

" 'That you should remember me at so great a distance of time, Emily,' said I, 'is

'is what juſtly moves my admiration; I muſt be greatly changed ſince I was your protegé.'

"'What you obſerve,' replied ſhe, 'only proves that I have often thought of you, and could diſtinguiſh the features of the child, though ripened into manhood.'

"'Beware, Emily, do not deceive me; I have been ſo little uſed to the voice of friendſhip, that I ſcarce dare flatter myſelf ſuch a feeling exiſts.'

"'I hope,' ſaid ſhe, with a bewitching ſmile, 'that I ſhall prove the exiſtence of what ſuch a heart as yours muſt ſo much ſtand in need. When we were in the happy days of childhood, our ſouls were united by infantine affection; let friendſhip now take its turn, and ſmooth the rugged path of humanity.'

"I was at that time too much enraptured with my good fortune to ſmile at this platonic flight, and continued in converſation for upwards of an hour; nor did I feel the lapſe of time. I talked of my former happineſs,

pineſs, retraced the ſcenes of infancy, and became an infant at the thought. A thundering knock at the ſtreet-door recalled my wandering ideas.

"Emily ſtarted from her ſeat.—'Tis that tormenting Meredith,' cried ſhe, and rung the bell with violence. A footman appeared, and received orders to deny her.

"'Major Meredith is already in the parlour, madam.'

"'Then tell him that Lady Fazakerly is not at home, and that I am particularly engaged.'

"The ſervant retired.

"'I muſt, however, favor the poor wretch with a look,' cried ſhe, laughing, as ſhe ran to the window; 'I ſhall otherwiſe hear that he has drank my health in laudanum, or made his quietus with a piſtol.'

"I followed her, and beheld Meredith, with downcaſt eyes, retiring from the door in a ſuperb vis-à-vis.

"'Do you exclude a lover with an elegant equipage,' cried I, 'to admit a humble

ble friend with no better conveyance than a hackney-coach?'

"'That Meredith,' replied ſhe, 'is the moſt fractious mortal! he would fain have me diſcard all mankind to make room for his accompliſhed ſelf: but let us not think of him. I muſt introduce you to my aunt, and Cecilia Fitzhubert, an amiable girl, the ſame who yeſterday accompanied me to Kenſington, when I was ſo happy as to diſcover the friend of my youth.—Apropos,' added ſhe, ſmiling, 'there is no occaſion to give any hint that I was a great girl when I diſtinguiſhed you as a child; it is a ſad thing to grow older than eighteen, and, to confeſs a truth you are well acquainted with, I ſhall ſoon reach three-and-twenty.'

"'Do you then ſeriouſly think me ſo daring as to talk of a lady's age?'

"Our converſation was interrupted by the appearance of Lady Fazakerly: ſhe was about the age of fifty, was ſtill a fine woman, and ſpared no pains to ſet off her

 perſon

person to the best advantage; her rouge was laid on with the nicest art, and a blue satin turban softened the natural severity of her features.

"A general conversation now took place, and after some time we were joined by Miss Fitzhubert. This young lady was tall and slender: though a more regular beauty than Emily, her appearance was not so striking; yet her timidity was not accompanied by awkwardness, nor was her graceful person poisoned by affectation; she was unconscious of the advantages she possessed.

"Emily in a few words now informed me, that her mother having died two years since, had confided her to the care of her aunt, Lady Fazakerly, and that Cecilia Fitzhubert was the daughter of a deceased officer, who had left her a small but genteel fortune: she added, that this amiable girl resided in the house in quality of friend and companion to her aunt.

"I now arose, apologizing for the immoderate length of my visit, and requested permis-

permiſſion to renew it on an early occaſion.
'I ſhall leave England in a few days,' ſaid I, looking at Emily, 'and would willingly paſs as much of my time as poſſible with my earlieſt friend, before I go abroad, to ſeek new, and conſequently leſs valuable connexions.'

"Lady Fazakerly inſiſted on my dining with them, and added, that ſhe ſhould be always happy to ſee me at her evening parties. She then retired.

"Emily looked at me with ſurpriſe. Leave England! Surely, Reginald, you jeſt?'

"'It is but too true,' replied I, mournfully: 'a fortnight or three weeks, at fartheſt, will bear me away. I ſhall now quit my native country with regret, while deluſive idea only preſented images of novelty.'

"'Then would to heaven I had never met you!' ſaid ſhe, while her eyes filled with tears.—But it is ever thus: the greateſt pleaſures are daſhed with ſome concomitant alloy, that makes us regret the poſſeſſion of what

what we moſt fancied productive of happi-neſs.'

"Aſtoniſhed at her warmth, but enraptured at the declaration, I was only reſtrained by the preſence of Cecilia from throwing myſelf at her feet. Love at that moment firſt took poſſeſſion of my heart, and with all the enthuſiaſm of youth I ſecretly vowed never to quit my country while ſuch a woman might yet render exiſtence a bleſſing.—Was I to blame? I was but ſeventeen; unpractiſed in deceit, and poſſeſſing a heart open to the tendereſt impreſſions, and thrilling with the moſt acute ſenſibility. I tore myſelf away, in order to dreſs for dinner. Upon my return, I found the ladies only in the drawing-room; but we were ſoon joined by Lord Alſmere. I could obſerve that the behaviour of Lady Fazakerly and Cecilia ſhowed a marked preference to the new-comer; but Emily's attention was wholly directed to me: ſhe exerted herſelf to the utmoſt to raiſe my ſpirits; and, grateful

grateful for her efforts, I ſtrove, with ſome ſuccefs, to aſſume an appearance of vivacity. During the dinner, Lord Alſmere entertained us with a deſcription of New-market, extolled his curricle, and ſwore that he had the beſt pointer in Europe. Emily ſeemed to liſten with diſguſt; ſhe ſometimes addreſſed his Lordſhip, but it was only to utter ſome bitter ſarcaſm. A thundering knock at the door announced the approach of company: the drawing-room and a ſuite of apartments were illuminated by a blaze of wax lights, and decorated with taſte and magnificence. I was ſtruck by the grandeur of the ſcene, and for ſome moments gave way to the admiration it excited with all the ardour of a youthful mind. The company were numerous and faſhionable. Emily advanced to the upper end of the apartment, and ſeating herſelf upon a ſofa, ſeemed as an empreſs receiving homage from her vaſſals. I took my ſtation by her ſide.

"'Do you play, Reginald?'

"'Never,'

" 'Never,' replied I.

" 'I am glad to hear it; I hate play, and am surprised that fashion should sanction so destructive an amusement.'

" 'Do you call amusement what ought rather to be termed frenzy? How can any who boast the possession of common sense waste their time, destroy their health, narrow the heart, and entail poverty on their posterity, for the satisfaction of contemplating a red ace, or the turn of a die?'

" 'Does not avarice,' said Emily, 'contribute to form the gamester?—But hush!—talk no treason in the house of Lady Fazakerly. This mansion is the abode of the goddess Fortune, and in that small apartment is built her favourite altar.'

" 'What altar?' demanded I.

" 'The altar where estates are sacrificed to Faro, Rouge et Noir, and other illicit games.'

" 'Is not reputation also sometimes sacrificed?'

" 'Some-

" 'Sometimes,' ſaid Emily, with a bluſh and arch ſmile.

" Our converſation was interrupted by the appearance of a Mr. Hartlebury.

" 'Don't you play to-night, Miſs Burgeſs?'

" 'I—I—I—I hate play—I never play; you know I never do.'

" 'Your averſion then has commenced ſince yeſterday,' replied he, laughing;—'pray how long do you mean to perſiſt in your reſolution of abandoning the fickle goddeſs?'

" 'I play only to oblige my aunt.'

" 'Would that I alſo had formed a ſince yeſterday's vow,' continued he. 'I have loſt a tolerable ſum of ready caſh and a little on my note. I ſoon left off, for I ſaw the banker did not like to give credit.'

" 'And you will gain none here,' replied Emily with ſome warmth; 'you will therefore do well to ſeek it where it may better be found.'

"Hartlebury hummed an Italian air, turned upon his heel, and ſtrode to the other end of the apartment. Emily had ſcarcely begun to expatiate on the tyranny of cuſtom that forces admiſſion for the ſpendthrift and profligate, when Meredith entered the room, and was inſtantly accoſted by Hartlebury.

"'Where is Miſs Fitzhubert?' ſaid I. 'I have not ſeen her ſince we entered the drawing-room.'

"'Oh, Cecilia! ſhe is at the faro table.'

"'Does Miſs Fitzhubert play?'

"'I am ſorry to ſay it is her darling paſſion, and Lady Fazakerly finds it her intereſt to ſecure Cecilia's preſence. Do you imagine that my aunt's attractions are ſufficient to draw the men to the fairy land of gaming? No, no, Lady Fazakerly may be the prieſteſs, and dreſs the pile, but it is the magic of the inferior train that draws the votaries.'

"'To infamy and ruin,' exclaimed I, 'Good heavens! how in ſuch a ſcene of depra-

depravity has your heart alone eſcaped the contagion ?'

"Meredith, ſuddenly quitting Hartlebury, now approached us—

"'I fear,' ſaid he, with a half ſubmiſſive, half ironical air, 'that I interrupt a very intereſting converſation.'

"'Your good ſenſe, then,' retorted Emily, 'ought to have whiſpered the neceſſity of your abſence.'

"'I am but too well convinced that by my abſence alone I can contribute to gratify any wiſh of yours; yet I once flattered myſelf to the contrary.'

"'Oh, you vain wretch! you know, Meredith, I never could endure you;—you ſerved, indeed, to amuſe me for the moment; but at laſt your tricks became familiar, and of courſe loſt their only merit—novelty: you may, however, be of ſome uſe—go fetch me a glaſs of lemonade, and if you do not bring it, I will forgive you.'

"I could not but be ſtruck with the levity with which my fair enſlaver uttered this ſpeech; yet vanity ſuggeſted that I was the cauſe of Meredith's diſmiſſal.— Supper was announced, and all the delicacies art could produce or unbridled prodigality conceive, were ſet before gueſts, ſome of whom paid dear for the privilege of witneſſing the ſplendid ſcene. I inquired for Cecilia, but Emily informed me, that, chagrined by her loſſes at play, ſhe had retired to her own apartment. At five o'clock the party began to break up, and I unwillingly retired, having promiſed to dine in Portland Place the next or rather the ſame day. Unwilling to diſturb Creſwell's family at ſo early an hour, I walked up and down Pall Mall till a thought ſtruck me that I would reviſit my beſt-beloved village—that ever dear ſpot where I had paſſed the happy moments of childhood, and where the remains of my regretted mother were conſigned to earth.—

The

The village was about four miles from London; an hour brought me to the place: I haſtily croſſed a field leading to the church-yard, and examined with eager eyes and palpitating heart, every humble memorial of the dead. I was giving up the ſearch, when, in a remote corner, I eſpied a flat ſtone, raiſed from the ground by a layer of brick; the high graſs which overgrew the church-yard was for ſome diſtance round this tomb carefully plucked up. An air of ſingular neatneſs pervaded the ſmall ſpot. I approached the tomb: it contained the aſhes of my unfortunate mother. I ſhuddered as I read the inſcription. 'And is this all!' thought I, as I caſt myſelf upon the ſainted ſpot: 'do thy virtues, my mother, deſerve no better monument? were thy faults ſo glaring as to admit of no other honors than the tears of a child can beſtow?' What are the members of the ſociety I this morning quitted? they are prodigal, yet avaricious, and wretched, though gay: they

 over-

overflow with the luxuries of life, yet deny their superfluity to the indigent—Didst thou ever thus, my mother?'

"I continued to suffer the pangs of unavailing sorrow, and lay upon the tomb, with my hands supporting my burning forehead, when I was startled by the sound of a footstep passing near me—an elderly man crossed the church-yard path: he had a spade and mattock upon his shoulder. He took off his hat and jacket, and began his melancholy task of breaking the ground. I approached him—

"'Pray, friend, by whose order is that tomb kept in such good repair?'

"'What's that to you?' said the fellow, churlishly.

"'Merely to satisfy my curiosity.'

"'What! and so get all the parish upon my back, to clean and rout up their graves: they'll soon want me to new bind them with wicker at my own cost. No, no, tho'f I does it for that there one stone, I won't do it for every vagabone that axes.'

"'I am

" 'I am far from wiſhing to put you to any trouble; but that grave appearing ſo much neater than all the others excites my curioſity.'

" 'Why you does look ſomething like a gentleman, thof a queer one, wi' your cock-a-pinch, and ſilver buckles;—well, I'll tell you all about it. In that grave lies one Madam Selmore: they told ſtrange tales about her, and nobody would come anear her becauſe it ſeems as ſhe had a liking for another man better than her huſband: I, for my part, don't believe a word on't, for ſhe was main good to poor folk. She lived at yonder houſe, with the great gates. Well, a month afore ſhe camed here, I was taken deadly bad: my poor Tom and Bill was taken bad too, with an ague, and my poor wife (there ſhe lies at Madam's feet) had work enough on her hands, till at laſt I began to fear as I ſhould go to gaol for debt; for my poor Suſy went to the ſquire, and he only laughed at her, and then to the parſon,

 and

and he pitied her, but gived her nothing; and then ſhe went to the other gentry, but they all agreed that beggars was ſo plenty, that they was reſolved to give nothing away.—Well, my poor wife was almoſt broken-hearted; ſhe came back, and cried as if ſhe was minded never to give over.—I ax'd her if ſhe had been at the new-comer's.—' Bleſs thee, Peter!' ſaid my wife, ' what ſhould I go there for? 't 'ent far, to be ſure; but all the pariſh, that is, the gentlefolks, won't come anear Madam Selmore. She muſt be hard-hearted for ſartain, for the ſquire's wife ſays as how ſhe run away from her huſband, who loved her dearly, and was the beſt man in the world, and that her two children are no better born than they ſhould be.' So, ſays I to my wife, ' Suſy,' ſays I, ' all muſt be tried now, or I ſhall go to gaol for debt,' ſays I. ' If Madam be hard-hearted, and croſs, ſhe will be no worſe than the gentlefolks as turn their noſes up at her, and ſent thee a packing with a flea in thy

thy ear,' ſays I. Well, away went my poor wife: you mought have knock'd her down with a feather, as ſhe told me a'terwards, when ſhe rung at the gate. The footman was main croſs, and ſcolded, and was going to ſhut her out, when Madam came by: ſo my wife courteſied, and cried, and told all about our diſtreſs; ſo Madam ſcolded the footman, and ſaid, that he ought not to be ſo cruel to the poor. She gave my wife half-a-crown, and ſaid, that ſhe would come to us in the a'ternoon, to inquire how to do us more good. Sure as the a'ternoon came, up pranced the dear lady, upon a fine bay horſe, covered with a white net: ſhe looked like a queen, though ſhe was only in a plain blue cloth dreſs; and her long hair all hanging down her back. Well, ſhe gave me a great deal more money, and bid my wife not cry. She ordered ſome clothes for poor Tom and Bill, and a'terwards came with her own little boy; t'other was gone away ſomewhere, pretty little

 gentle-

gentleman! he gave my youngſters the clothes, and laugh'd and ſkipp'd as if they was for himſelf. So Madam told him he muſt always be good to the poor folk, 'for who knows,' ſays ſhe, 'but you may be one day poor yourſelf?' ſays ſhe: and then, with her own white hands, ſhe dreſs'd my little ones.—Well, Madam went on doing ſo much good that all the pariſh cried out ſhame upon her, and a thouſand bad ſtories was ripp'd up that every body believed except the poor folk, who uſed to bleſs her whenever ſhe was ſeen in the village, and that was ſeldom enough, for ſhe didn't want to make a halloo balloo as the ſquire does when he gives away a lean ſheep and a barrel of four ſmall beer, at Chriſtmas. The poor bleſs'd her, and ſaid, that though the other ladies had plenty of virtue, they wanted a little of Madam's charity and good nature.—Well, the dear lady ſicken'd, and at laſt died; and I'm ſure ſhe went to heaven. Oh! that

was

was a woful day for the poor; not a heart but ached in a houſe of one ſtory high. So I dug her grave, and many a tear did I let fall into it, and ſix poor men, that ſhe had ſaved from the pariſh, carried the coffin. We all thought our beſt friend was gone, and ſure enough we have had no ſuch a one ſince. Well, ſhe ſaved my life, as I told you, and as I could not ſave hers, I takes care to keep her grave clean and decent. People would call me a fool, if they know'd on't; it may be fooliſh, but better ſo than ungrateful, and when I dies I ſhall lay my old bones along with poor Suſy, at Madam's feet.'

"I did not weep—I was breathleſs with exultation. 'What!' thought I, 'did my pride revolt at the ſimple memorial that covers the body of my parent?—Oh! how ſuperior to the elegant mauſoleum that enſhrines the monarch is the uncouth ſtone wetted by the tear of humble gratitude!'

"I ſlipped a guinea into the furrowed hand of the grave-digger, and was haſtily

retiring, when his voice arreſted my progreſs.

"'You have given me a guinea, ſir!' holding out his hand.

"'True, friend; and there is another; take care of the grave, and pray don't call me back again.'

"'Ahey!' cried the old man; 'I'll be hang'd if 't'ent Maſter Reginald his own ſelf; pray ſtop, my dear young gentleman; oh, Madam Selmore was an angel, and is ſo at this moment——!'

"I ſoon out-tript my aged purſuer, and arrived in Pall Mall about ten o'clock. Creſwell railed at me for not coming home; I told him all that had paſſed, except my rencontre with Emily.

"'Pretty company!' exclaimed he; 'pretty company for a ſchool-boy! but you will be cured of this racketting when you get to St. Lucia; you'll find no rouge et noir there, except among the natives.'

"Creſwell had been formerly an eminent Turkey merchant; having realized the

ſum of eighty thouſand pounds, he had given up all mercantile concerns. He was known to be a fair-dealing man; and many parents, more anxious for the fortune, than the happineſs of their children, had nominated him as their guardian. Unencumbered by a wife, matrimony being his averſion, he lived the ſolitary life of an old bachelor, and would probably have ſunk under the fatigue of having nothing to do, if he had not diſcovered the lucky art of making every body miſerable around him. Sudden buſineſs called him into the country; I ſaw him depart with pleaſure, as did his domeſtics, by whom he was equally feared and hated.

"I repeatedly called on Emily, and found——but I will not delineate the ſcenes that followed. Conceive my anxiety when I declared my love, and my rapture, when I found it not rejected; but when I mentioned my reſolution of not quitting my native country, Emily aſſured me, that although I was the maſter of her heart, ſhe would

would never be the caufe of my forfeiting my future expectations.

"'I know not,' faid fhe, 'the name of your father; but by the fecrecy that has been obferved, he muft be a man of confiderable confequence. Go then, Reginald; obey your father; be affured of my unalterable affection, and return to your country when a happy and honorable opportunity may offer.'

"In vain did I propofe an immediate union; in vain did I urge all the perfuafions a youthful heart could prompt, to obtain a folemnization of the nuptial bond, before I left England for fo long a period. Emily feemed to look upon this propofition as a fecret doubt of her fidelity, and charged me, as I valued her efteem, never more to mention it. I obeyed; the fatal moment too fwiftly arrived; and the agonies attendant on a feparation of foul and body, were almoft equalled by my feelings.

"But I was not fated to be a wanderer. That very evening a violent fever feized me,

and

and I only recovered my ſenſes, to be informed by Creſwell, that the veſſel in which my paſſage had been taken, had ſailed three weeks ſince. He added that I muſt prepare to proceed to St. Lucia immediately. A phyſician, indeed, might pretend that my health would not permit it; but he had no notion of a young fellow's idleneſs.

"Glad of a reprieve, I peremptorily refuſed to obey, unleſs ſome medical man of eminence would vouch for the propriety of my undertaking the voyage. To this he was forced to conſent; and ſentence of death was pronounced upon me, if I attempted to brave the ſea in my then weak ſtate. Creſwell was outrageous; he vowed to inform my friends, of my abandonment of their plans; and deſiring me to take a lodging elſewhere, for he would no longer be troubled with me, flung out of the room. I willingly complied with his deſire; and though in a very weak ſtate, was conveyed to apartments in Bond Street. I now had time to reflect on the ſteps I ſhould purſue.

Raſh

Raſh was my determination. In a moment of pique I threw up my commiſſion; and by ſo doing, expoſed myſelf to juſt reproach. The image of Emily was, however, ſufficient to appeaſe every diſagreeable ſenſation; and I hoped, in her ſmiles, to enjoy the recompence of my unjuſtifiable temerity. I had twice written to her, but received no anſwer; at length, contrary to the advice of my phyſician, I reſolved to go myſelf to Portland Place. Miſs Burgeſs was not at home; but it was Lady Fazakerly's night, and I was determined to join the gay circle. I had not an idea of the treachery I was about to diſcover. I gueſſed that my letters had never reached Emily; and charging the porter not to mention my name to any of the family, I returned home. My reflections were by no means painful. I reſolved to ſolicit Creſwell to uſe his influence in procuring me ſome ſituation, which, without obliging me to quit my country, might, in time, enable me to claim the hand of Miſs Burgeſs. Late in the evening, I once

once more ſought Portland Place: I walked into a parlour, and deſired a footman to inform Lady Fazakerly that a gentleman begged an audience for a few minutes: I feared the ſudden ſurpriſe might be too much for the delicate frame of Emily, and waited in trembling expectation. At length I heard a female ſtep; the door flew open, and I beheld not Lady Fazakerly, but Emily herſelf: I ruſhed towards her, and, regardleſs of propriety, I preſſed her to my boſom, and embraced her with all the ardour of love.

"'Hold! hold! Mr. Foreſter; how boiſterous! lord, you have quite deranged my dreſs. I thought you were on your voyage to the Weſt Indies.'

"I ſtarted with horror from her embrace, and in a moment felt all the pangs of diſappointment.

"'I feared to ſurpriſe you,' ſtammered I; 'but attribute my behaviour to its right motive; to the unalterable love I bear you.

you. Do you not anſwer me? Say, Emily, have I offended beyond hopes of pardon?'

"'I really am ſorry to ſee you ſo agitated, Mr. Foreſter. Had you not better walk up ſtairs? my aunt will be very glad to ſee you.'

"'Good heavens!' exclaimed I; 'what, what does all this mean?'

"'I am, to ſpeak the truth,' ſaid Emily, 'at preſent unwilling to enter into a diſcuſſion. Walk into the drawing-room, and call upon me to-morrow, or when you pleaſe; I ſhall then be glad to clear up what now ſets your childiſh brain in a ferment. But you muſt ſee Lady Faſakerly; ſhe knows you are arrived; and it would have an odd appearance, ſhould you go away without having paid your devoirs.'

"She then left the room. Impoſſible were the attempt to paint my feelings. I threw myſelf upon a chair; and after having vented my rage in a ſtring of incoherent execrations, I was flying from the houſe,

houſe, to put a period to my exiſtence and my miſery. But an idea flaſhed acroſs my almoſt diſtracted brain—might not ſome vile traducer have aſperſed my character, and, taking advantage of my abſence, have effected his own happineſs, by the ruin of mine? Beſides, Emily had promiſed an explanation. This laſt reflection conquered; and clothing my face with ſmiles, while my heart was torn by anguiſh, I mechanically aſcended to the drawing-room. Lady Fazakerly advanced to receive me. I paid my reſpects in a manner which but too evidently announced the diſtraction of my mind, and ſeated myſelf on a ſofa, ſeeking with my eyes the preſence of my perjured miſtreſs. She appeared not: I trembled. I looked towards the apartment aſſigned to the illicit practice of faro, but had not the courage to enter. To find her every thing that was deceitful and baſe, was too much for thought to bear. I ſat with my eyes conſtantly fixed on the door, when I was arouſed by the approach of Hartlebury. I

had

had frequently ſeen this gentleman at Lady Fazakerly's, and found him to be one, who, under the appearance of levity, concealed an excellent underſtanding: he likewiſe poſſeſſed a vein of ſatire, that ſpared the virtuous, and directed its attacks to objects who deſerved the laſh. After ſome general inquiries, to which I paid little or no attention, he exclaimed, 'Have you ſeen Miſs Burgeſs?'

"'I, I, I have——that is, I have not ſeen her ſince I entered the room.'

"'She is, doubtleſs, engaged at faro.'

"'At faro! does Miſs Burgeſs play? I underſtood that ſhe deteſted gaming.'

"'What! ſurpriſed at the inconſiſtency of a female?'

"'Is your ſarcaſm levelled at the ſex in general, or at Miſs Burgeſs in particular?'

"'My dear Mr. Foreſter,' cried Hartlebury, dropping the maſk of levity, 'I am ignorant whether our ſlight acquaintance will authorize my freedom; but, believe me, you are of too generous a diſpoſition; your

inex-

inexperience (pardon me) has laid you open to the deſigns of an artful woman, who, to ſecure an admirer, and laugh at him for his credulity, will ſtop at no act, however unjuſtifiable.'

"Obſerving that I liſtened with agonizing attention, he continued:

"'I was an indignant obſerver of her conduct in regard to you: I wiſhed to expoſe her, but knew not by what means. She is a confirmed female gameſter; and as ſhe knew your ſtay in England was to be ſhort, pretended an averſion to her ruling paſſion. Need I tell you her motive? It was to embitter your future life by a hopeleſs attachment. Poor Meredith is dotingly fond of her, and is the ſlave of her caprice: he is, I believe, your ſenior, but is more to be pitied. His large fortune makes him a deſirable match; and I fear Emily Burgeſs will at length become his wife and his tyrant. Another trait in her character is too diabolical to be paſſed over: ſhe has firſt ſlandered Cecilia Fitzhubert, and now wiſhes

to reduce her to her own level. I was a ſilent witneſs of your converſation with Emily ſome time ago, though apparently engaged in another party. Miſs Fitzhubert never has attended *as yet* at the orgies of faro; *as yet* ſhe has reſiſted every ſolicitation to that effect. She ſcorns to decoy the unhappy youth to ruin; and in her chamber enjoys the merits of a favourite author. I fear, however, that bad example, and the entreaties of her falſe friend, will eradicate her propenſity to rectitude, and tear her from every comfort of a ſelf-approving conſcience.'

"I was aſtoniſhed, thunderſtruck, not more at the aſſertions of Hartlebury, than at the energetic manner in which they were pronounced. I recollected that Emily had deſcribed him as a profligate, and, with a ſigh, I acknowledged her to be a calumniator.

"Hartlebury perceived my emotion, and, finding his diſcourſe had produced no other effect than conviction, he proceeded:

"'I ſee you look with anxiety to the room

room appropriated to faro; you are not deceived: Miſs Burgeſs *is* there; come, will you ſee her in an amiable light?'

"I laid hold of his arm to prevent him from riſing, and declared my inability to ſupport the ſcene.

"'A faint deſcription, then,' cried Hartlebury, 'will not, I hope, petrify you. Suppoſe your miſtreſs watching with ſtarting eyes, and palpitating heart, the turn of a black deuce. See her boſom heaving with expectation, or glowing with the horrors of diſappointment; hear her politely execrate fickle Fortune, and now and then outgo my Lady Townley before ſhe has time to give a great gulp, and ſwallow the oath that overloaded her delicate tongue: behold her hagard for want of ſleep, fretted for want of money, and miſerable for want of intellectual comfort: finally, behold her at the laſt ebb of high life, proſtituting her charms by—'

"'Hold!' cried I.

"'By marrying the firſt wealthy fool ſhe meets.'

"'I

" 'I cannot bear this,' exclaimed I, riſing to depart; and was haſtily quitting the room, Hartlebury following, when I beheld Emily, with a hurried ſtep, ruſh from another apartment, ſink upon a chair, fanning herſelf with violence, and making uſe of ſalts to prevent her from fainting.

"I felt my tenderneſs revive at the ſight of her; yet, upon a moment's reflection, I could not but allow, that my monitor's picture had the merit of reſemblance.

" 'I cannot go,' exclaimed I to Hartlebury; 'I confeſs my weakneſs, but ſhe is on the point of fainting; you ſee how often ſhe has recourſe to the ſmelling-bottle.'

" 'If ſhe goes on in this way,' bluntly returned he, 'ſhe bids fair to have recourſe to noyau, or the brandy-bottle.' He then, without ſuffering me to take another glance at the diſtreſſing object, hurried me away.

"It was not yet twelve o'clock. Hartlebury preſſed me to walk with him to his lodgings. Willing to catch at any thing to

to diſſipate reflection, I proceeded with him to Rathbone Place. A cold ſupper was produced; but after having vainly attempted to maſticate the wing of a fowl, I gave my plate to the ſervant, and was not diſpleaſed at finding the place of ſupper ſupplied with various kinds of wine: to the friendly bottle I applied, for the firſt time, to ſeek in inebriety a relief from cutting reflection. How vain a ſubterfuge! The wine which I drank with eagerneſs, but the more impreſſed the horrors of my ſituation; and I introduced the ſubject that lay neareſt my heart, a ſubject Hartlebury ſeemed no way inclined to divert.

" 'You are a friend of Major Meredith, I believe,' ſaid I: 'have you ever cautioned him againſt the arts of a woman I ſhall ever deſpiſe myſelf for having eſteemed?'

" 'Meredith,' replied he, 'is too fiery to admit of ſuch communication. He is blinded by paſſion, and I am convinced would reward my candor, by allowing

fhe a chance of ending his delufion by a piftol. A proper opportunity offered to undeceive you: I faw that your temper was ruffled; I faw that upon your entrance you fought not Mifs Burgefs; I likewife obferved that fhe entered the room fome time before: I concluded by your diftraction, that fome difagreeable explanation had taken place, and thought, that then, and then only, was the time to fhow you how far you were the dupe of a deceitful and truly vile woman.'

" 'Truly vile!' cried I: 'have you any doubts that her character will not bear—'

" 'I guefs at your meaning: why n---o; I believe, as far as regards that circumftance, her reputation is unfpotted; yet I muft candidly avow, that I think her to be one of thofe fafhionable females, who, if they had twenty reputations, would generoufly part with nineteen, and referve the laft as a paffport to fociety.'

" 'The fafhionable world,' cried I, 'is much indebted to you for your candor. But

But though I am perfectly convinced of the coquetry of Miſs Burgeſs, to give it no harſher term, I cannot think her ſo wholly loſt to virtue, as to lead a girl, ſhe calls her friend, into the miſeries of gaming.'

" 'How little do you know of her! Her friend! no, no, ſhe is her worſt, her bittereſt enemy. Poor Meredith! how often have I endeavoured to turn his thoughts from Emily to the amiable Cecilia—but in vain; like the baſiliſk, ſhe faſcinates to deſtroy, and leaves not her prey till wholly in her power.'

" 'But why, Mr. Hartlebury, not undeceive him altogether?'

" 'I have already given you my reaſon for that; I wait but for an opportunity. How gladly would I reſcue a man for whoſe character I have ſo great an eſteem! A fellow (like myſelf) who is old enough to be father to both of you—'

" I interrupted him, by obſerving, that

he would look old indeed, to have a ſon near eighteen.

" 'Notwithſtanding my appearance,' ſaid he, 'I am nearer fifty than forty; Meredith is not much your ſenior, and my age may, perhaps, excuſe my meddling, where I am actuated by no other motive than pity for deluſion.'

" 'I am perfectly convinced, ſir, of the rectitude of your motive, and from this moment make you a ſolemn promiſe of never more frequenting the houſe of Lady Fazakerly.'

" 'I releaſe you from that promiſe,' cried Hartlebury; 'for I wiſh you to continue the acquaintance.'

" I requeſted his reaſons with the utmoſt aſtoniſhment; and he remarked, that having myſelf broken the charm, it was my duty to warn others from the ſnare. 'Beſides,' added he, 'Cecilia Fitzhubert is too good a girl to be left without a friend; ſhe may be preſerved, and who more proper

per to point out her ſituation than one, who, like yourſelf, can have no intereſt in her affairs but the dictates of philanthropy?"

"Hartlebury roſe every moment higher in my eſteem. I knew that Cecilia was acquainted with every circumſtance that had paſſed between her falſe friend and myſelf, and reſolved (however diſagreeable the office) to undeceive her.

"Hartlebury now declared that he was doubly ſatisfied at having rendered me a ſervice, and at leaving Cecilia with a diſintereſted protector. He obſerved, that poor Meredith muſt take his courſe, as he was obliged to leave England in a few days, to ſettle ſome accompts with a merchant at Hamburgh, in whoſe hands a great part of his property was veſted.

"It was near ſix when I left my new friend, yet I found ſleep a ſtranger to my eyelids. At one o'clock I again walked to Rathbone Place, and found Hartlebury at breakfaſt with Lord Alſmere and Lord Arrowſworth. I had ſeen the former at

Lady Fazakerly's; he appeared to me of that clafs of beings who only give proofs of exiftence by lounging the morning away in St. James's Street, and eating ices at a fafhionable paftry-cook's; the evening, by appearing at fome public place, where their prefence gives as little pleafure as their vacant minds receive from the fcene before them. We had not fat long before Lord Winterfield was announced; a general uninterefting converfation took place, and, to my great fatisfaction, their Lordfhips foon departed.

" 'You abound in right honourables this morning,' faid I to my friend, laughing. 'Were you not afhamed that a fimple commoner fhould dare to fhow his untitled head at your levee?'

" 'While there is fuch a fuperabundance of right honourables," cried he, 'a man has more reafon to be afhamed of the fhortnefs of his memory. If I part with a friend whom I fee not for a week, I am fearful left at our next falutation I may put him

him to the bluſh, by forgetting his claim to a place in Fielding's Peerage. Lord Alſmere and Lord Winterfield are indeed ſuch *no characters*, as defy deſcription; for how delineate abſolute vacuity? They eat, drink, and ſleep, like other men; nor do I know by what they are diſtinguiſhed from mere mortals, but the flaring of their flambeaux, and the inſolence of their domeſtics.'

" 'You ſeem to paſs over Lord Arrowſworth.'

" 'Lord Arrowſworth,' ſaid Hartlebury, 'is of a different ſtamp; not that he is without his foibles: proud of his ancient family, having cruſaders in the liſt, he holds our 'new-fangled' nobility in the utmoſt contempt. His pride is however not univerſal; he would not neglect merit, or inſult diſtreſs; his own rigid honor gives him, as he imagines, a title to expect the ſame in others, and he never can be brought to pardon a fault, of which he is himſelf incapable. He is, however, a truly worthy

 man,

man, with ſome exceptions that take root in pride. He is no duelliſt, yet, were he to imagine his honor to be any ways concerned, or called in queſtion, principle would yield to paſſion. This temper makes him tremblingly alive to ſuſpicion, and damps the worth of a heart naturally formed for benevolence and friendſhip. I have mentioned your name to his Lordſhip, and believe, if you make allowance for his foibles, you will find him a warm and uſeful friend.'

" I then acquainted Hartlebury with all that had paſſed between Creſwell and myſelf. He highly blamed my precipitation, but obſerved, that nothing better could be expected when harſh meaſures were adopted to force me to a ſituation I diſliked. He entreated me to be very circumſpect in my behaviour towards my guardian; it was in his power to do me much miſchief, and he ſeemed not to want the will. 'I leave England,' continued he, 'in a week: I will, however, firſt take you to Lord Arrowſworth's, and ſhould your income want

a re-

a recruit, I have two hundred pounds at your ſervice.'

"I declined any offer of that nature; and having been introduced to Lord and Lady Arrowſworth, at the end of the week I took leave of my new friend with regret. Upon his ſtepping into the chaiſe, 'Adieu,' cried he; 'beware of a relapſe; remember faro. Poor Meredith! he is like a ſailor in a calenture; where he expects a lovely proſpect he will find inevitable deſtruction.'

"The chaiſe then drove away. I now thought of, and wiſhed to avoid the promiſed explanation with Emily. I was but too well convinced of her worthleſs character, and trembled at the idea of again beholding her. At length I ſummoned courage to reviſit Portland Place; ſhe was not at home, but Lady Fazakerly received me with her uſual good breeding. Cecilia too was preſent, and fortunately a milliner ſoon after requiring the preſence of her Ladyſhip, ſhe deſired Cecilia to entertain me

me till her return. I gladly ſeized the opportunity of informing her, that as ſhe had been a witneſs of all that had paſſed between her friend and myſelf, I would trouble her to inform Miſs Burgeſs, that the promiſed explanation was unneceſſary; that I could not but comprehend the motive of her behaviour; but, as my abſence might occaſion impertinent ſurmiſes, I would yet, with her permiſſion, be ranked among the viſitors of Lady Fazakerly, 'though,' added I, ſignificantly, 'I am no gameſter, and conſequently ſhall be but a cipher among the gay and happy.'

"Cecilia ſhook her head, and repeated, 'Gay and happy!'

"'To what, Miſs Fitzhubert, am I to attribute your repetition of my words? Do you ſpeak from experience, that happineſs and gaming are inconſiſtent?'

"'Perhaps I may,' ſaid ſhe, with an embarraſſed ſmile. 'I have played lately more than I ever imagined I ſhould; and certainly more than prudence will warrant.'

"I

"I thought of Hartlebury; how true his conjectures! Heavens! that a human being can ſo far forget all virtue and common honeſty, as to plunge an amiable girl, againſt her will, into the vortex of folly and diſſipation!

"'Miſs Burgeſs,' ſaid I, 'informed me that you were diſtractedly attached to play, and—'

"'You may likewiſe recollect, ſir, that Miſs Burgeſs informed you, ſhe held it in the utmoſt averſion.'

"I was delighted at the warmth with which Cecilia uttered theſe words. I had touched the right ſtring, and found, that now was the time to put my reſolution in practice, and ſhow her the danger of her ſituation. A long converſation enſued, which was put an end to, by her obſerving, that ſhe could not but look upon Emily as her friend; that every one had ſome particular weakneſs, that ſerved only as a foil to their virtues. She acknowledged my ill treatment, and ſaid, that that was an

an excuſe for the acrimony with which I had ſpoken of Emily; but added her thanks for my admonition, which, as ſhe was ſoon going to leave the houſe of Lady Fazakerly, would, ſhe hoped, be unneceſſary.

"'I am going to reſide,' ſaid ſhe, 'with Miſs Hartlebury, a ſiſter of the gentleman who is ſo conſtantly here. I am a very diſtant relation of hers, and hope to find in the converſation of a diſcreet and amiable woman, that peace, which a life of gaiety can ill ſupply.'

"Lady Fazakerly now appeared, having ſettled her buſineſs with the milliner; and I ſoon after departed, with ſome little gleam of hope, and a reſolution to tax Hartlebury's friendſhip, for an introduction to his ſiſter.

"I ſoon received a letter from my friend, encloſing one to Miſs Hartlebury. He expreſſed his ſatisfaction and ſurpriſe at Cecilia's choice of ſuch an aſylum. 'My ſiſter,' ſaid he, 'is a good old lady of five

and

and fifty; not apt rashly to form friendships, or break them when formed. She washes her face, says her prayers, and thanks God for the comforts of this world, while an amiable serenity of mind teaches her to bear its crosses.'

"I now called upon Creswell; he informed me, that my friends were as yet undetermined in what manner to act in regard to my future establishment. He loaded me with reproaches for having resigned my commission: I knew I deserved them, and was silent. From his house I repaired to that of Miss Hartlebury: the letter of which I was the bearer, procured me a willing reception, and the contents, as willing an invitation to renew my visits. Cecilia was already removed from the protection of Lady Fazakerly, to that of this amiable woman: I expressed my joy at the change, and found, by some expressions Miss Fitzhubert let fall, that though she still considered Emily as her friend, she was not blind to what she termed her *foibles*.

"I con-

"I continued to pay an occasional visit at Lady Fazakerly's, where I sometimes met the perfidious Emily: my behaviour was cold and distant; while hers was nearly as usual, sportive, gay, and capricious. Detestable hypocrite!

"Three months now rolled rapidly away. My allowance from Creswell was very trifling; and my former companions, finding my expenses no longer able to keep pace with theirs, soon gave me to understand, by their behaviour, that my company had been sought from motives of dissipation, not friendship. I still kept up appearances with Fullerton; but one morning, as I called at his lodgings, I was informed that he was not at home, though I saw him as I passed the window. Enraged and disappointed, I vowed never more to be the dupe of temporary kindness, and fragile protestations of regard. During three months I was a constant visitor at Miss Hartlebury's, and found at length, that what I had imagined disinterested friendship,

friendſhip, was ripened into a tenderer ſentiment. Cecilia's good qualities, ſet in a fair point of view, in the ſmall and ſelect ſociety of Miſs Hartlebury, grew inſenſibly upon my mind. This was more the adoption of reaſon than love; and I felt, that, were ſhe to prefer the glare of diſſipation to domeſtic happineſs, I could have reſigned her without a ſigh. Upon my firſt declaring the ſentiments ſhe had inſpired, ſhe told me, with an agreeable frankneſs, that I ought to know by experience, that a woman's promiſes were not always to be depended upon; 'neither,' added ſhe, ſmiling, 'am I to learn how ſoon an attachment may vary: time, and time alone, can determine how far our tempers are ſuited to each other, and to that teſt I commend you.'

"Cecilia was ſometimes a viſitor in Portland Place; but, as ſhe always teſtified a repugnance to witneſs ſcenes ſhe happily had eſcaped, I felt no anxiety on that

head,

head, and ſometimes fancied I might flatter myſelf our regard was mutual.

"One evening on my return from Wimpole Street, I found a letter on my table: it was from Creſwell, and, as near as I can recollect, in theſe terms:

'SIR, *Pall Mall.*

'YOUR late very extraordinary conduct in wilfully relinquiſhing a ſituation, which the extreme goodneſs of your friends had procured you, and which would finally have ended in an honorable eſtabliſhment, has, very juſtly, irritated them. You are not to conſider yourſelf as at liberty to form a choice of your own; it is your duty to obey, and be ſilent.—I have now authority to propoſe a plan, which, if rejected on your part, will be followed by an abſolute abandonment of you, by all who now take an intereſt in your welfare.

'Your education has not been neglected; you are converſant with moſt of the living

living languages; it would, however, be proper, that you ſhould acquire a more than ſuperficial knowledge of the German tongue.—If you will reſolve to quit England, and paſs a year or two at Gottingen, your late miſconduct may be overlooked.—It is the intention of thoſe who take part in your concerns, to ſettle you in the houſe of ſome merchant of reſpectability.

'If this meet with your concurrence, I ſhall be glad of your company to dinner, at five, on Monday next; if not, you are no longer to conſider yourſelf as under the protection of,

'Sir,

'Your very humble ſervant,

'URIAH CRESWELL.'

"This peremptory letter alternately rouſed my anger and contempt. I curſed the hour that I firſt ſaw the writer; and reflected, that if I had had the good fortune to find a man of feeling for my guardian, I might

might have consulted him as a friend, and revered him as a father.

"The next morning I, as usual, called on Miss Hartlebury; she was at church, and I communicated to Cecilia the contents of Creswell's feeling epistle. I could perceive a tear swell her eye, while she enforced the necessity of compliance; and I made so good a use of my time, that I obtained an avowal of her sentiments of regard.

"She would, however, enter into no promise; and observed, that the time which would elapse before my return to England, would sufficiently prove the strength of attachment on my part, and enable us to be competent judges of our mutual characters. She promised to be my constant correspondent, and allowed me every hope the fondest lover could wish.

"Miss Hartlebury now returned home. 'So, my dear!' cried she, 'I hope your cold is better; really your eyes are very brilliant; and had I thought so sudden a change

change would have taken place, I ſhould have complied with your deſire of accompanying me.' She then aſked me to ſtay dinner; and after paſſing ſome happy hours in the converſation of two agreeable women, I was ſurpriſed to hear the clock ſtrike ten. I knew Miſs Hartlebury's regular hours, and took my leave.

" I was paſſing through the ſtreets, ſcarce knowing where I trod, all ideas being abſorbed by one, when I was ſtartled by a deep groan. I liſtened, but all was ſtill. A ſecond ſoon ſtruck my ear; and walking towards the place whence the ſound proceeded, I beheld a ſhivering female almoſt in the agonies of death. I at firſt took her to be one of thoſe wretched women who gain a precarious livelihood by the wages of infamy; but her age and dreſs, which was ſqualid and tattered, made me gueſs her to be the child of diſtreſs.

" 'Poor woman!' cried I, 'take this, and ſeek a ſhelter.'

" She looked at me, but could not

ſpeak;

ſpeak; and again a heavy groan burſt from her lips.

" 'Where do you live?' demanded I.

" She with difficulty anſwered, 'At Charing Croſs.'

" Her voice ſtruck me as that of one accuſtomed to better days; and her face, which I viewed by the feeble glimmer of the lamp, ſhowed traces of former beauty.

" I bade her ſtay till my return, and calling a hackney-coach, I put her into it, and followed myſelf, reſolving to render her ſituation more comfortable, if I found her a proper object of beneficence. When we arrived at Charing Croſs, I ordered the coach to ſtop, and the poor woman conducted me to a ſmall houſe, where ſhe gave a ſingle knock at the door:—it was opened by a female with a very ſour aſpect.

" 'So, Mrs. Thomas,' cried ſhe, 'where have you been a-tramping to? I'll tell you what, once for all; if you does not pay me the three ſhillings and ninepence you owes me for your lodgings, out you ſhall ſpank,

on

or my name's not Bosky. Hoity! toity! a gentleman, too! ar'n't you ashamed of yourself? I'll tell you what, mistress; my house is an honest house, and I'll have no rantipole doings here!'

"This speech was uttered in the shrillest tone. I put half-a-guinea into her hand, begging her to pay herself, and get some refreshment for her starving lodger. This immediately altered the case.

"'Oh, yes, your honor, to be sure, your honor, I did not mean that—Here, Sukey! come and help poor Mrs. Thomas up stairs. I'll get something immediately, your honor.'

"We ascended to a wretched garret, and sitting down upon an old trunk, I ordered a fire to be lighted. Mrs. Bosky soon appeared herself with the provisions, talking very kindly all the while to *poor Mrs. Thomas*. It was with some difficulty I could persuade her to go away; and when she at length shut the door, I begged the poor woman to inform me by what means

ſhe had been reduced to ſuch a ſtate of penury: 'a ſtate,' ſaid I, 'to which I fancy you are but little accuſtomed.'

" 'Indeed, ſir,' ſaid ſhe, ſobbing, 'I am little uſed to ſuch a degree of miſery, yet I never was higher in life than a ſervant. My father and mother died before I was ſeventeen, and I was taken to be a nurſery-maid in a gentleman's family, where I lived till the age of forty; for when the children had no longer need of my care, I was retained as houſekeeper. This good gentleman died, and his family went to different parts of the country. I had not ſaved much in my place, for I did not chooſe to enrich myſelf by unlawful means. I therefore hired myſelf to a lady who was going to Italy; ſhe was very good to me, and taught me different kinds of work.—But I was not long to enjoy a good place; this dear lady ſoon left Italy, and retired to a village near London, where, after a few years, ſhe died, and all my happy days died with her. After this, I

took

took in plain-work, and tried to get honeſt bread; but the labor was too much for my ſtrength. I could not bear confinement in a little narrow room, and at laſt I was ſeized with a fit of the rheumatiſm. This threw me a great deal back, till, upon my recovery, a diſtant relation propoſed getting me a place of lady's maid, as I had learned to dreſs hair when I was in my laſt ſituation. Well, ſir, I went with very, very great joy, but ſoon had reaſon to repent ever having been maid to Miſs Burgeſs.'

"'Miſs Burgeſs!' exclaimed I; 'what! Miſs Burgeſs of Portland Place?'

"'Oh, bleſs me!' cried the poor ſufferer, 'do you know her? I aſk your pardon, ſir; but indeed, and indeed, ſhe uſed me very cruelly.'

"'Pray proceed,' ſaid I; 'I am convinced that ſhe is capable of every thing that is baſe.'

"She continued. 'Miſs Burgeſs, as you perhaps know, ſir, is very fond of play; and ſometimes ſhe was in want of money

money for that purpofe. I heard her fpeaking to Mrs. Phillips, Lady Fazakerly's waiting-maid, and defiring her to pawn a pair of beautiful diamond ear-rings. This I'll take my oath of before any juftice. Some days after, the ear-rings were miffing, fure enough, and poor I was fufpected as having been the thief. I looked at Mifs Burgefs ftedfaftly, and in the prefence of her aunt declared, that, perhaps, they were at fome pawnbroker's. Would you believe it, fir? She neither ftarted nor changed color, but defired to know at what pawnbroker's, and fhe would forgive me. Oh, fir, I tremble to think of her wickednefs! In fhort, though I declared all I had overheard, I was condemned as guilty of the theft. My lady would have fent for a conftable; but Mifs Burgefs, affecting pity, was contented to have me turned away without wages, and, what was worfe, without a character.'

"'Vile, deteftable monfter! unworthy the name of woman!' cried I. My agony would

would permit no more. I haſtily ſwallowed a glaſs of wine; for the aſſertions I heard affected me to ſuch a degree, that I thought I ſhould have ſunk to the earth. After I had recovered ſome compoſure, I begged Mrs. Thomas to proceed:

"'Well, ſir,' reſumed ſhe, 'I wandered about the ſtreets, and ſoon began to want for bread; gown after gown went to the pawnbroker's; and I was obliged to go out charing. This work was too hard for one ſo little uſed to it as I was; ſo I took to waſhing muſlin and laces; but becauſe my clothes were ſhabby, nobody would truſt me with any thing. I then thought to move Miſs Burgeſs to pity. I walked to Portland Place, and in my poor rags ſat down at the door. The carriage was waiting; and the ſervants, though they all thought me guilty, had too much humanity to drive me away. Soon after the door opened, and Miſs Burgeſs came out with Major Meredith, and a lady. I humbly entreated bread, to ſave me from periſhing. She hardly deigned to look

'look at me, but jumped, laughing, into the coach, and ſeemed no ways affected or diſturbed.'

"'Unfeeling demon!' muttered I.

"Mrs. Thomas proceeded. 'I now forſook all hope, and gave up my mind to deſpondency. Sometimes, God Almighty forgive me, I have thought of flinging myſelf out of window, that I might put an end to my miſery; but I had grace enough to bear my lot. I thought that if there was no juſtice in this world, there would be in the next; and I uſed to pray heartily that every day might be my laſt. I went into the ſtreets and begged my bread; but what I got was hardly ſufficient to keep body and ſoul together, much leſs to pay the landlady for this wretched lodging. She often uſed me very barbarouſly; and this morning I went out, not having eaten all day yeſterday, nor drank, except a little water from the pump. I could not procure a ſingle halfpenny all day; and ſpent with fatigue, cold, and hunger, I ſunk upon the ſteps of a door,

a door, where your charity, ſir, looked upon and relieved me.'

"Mrs. Thomas gave a heavy ſigh, and here finiſhed her melancholy tale.

"'Poor woman,' exclaimed I, 'you are indeed highly to be pitied—Unfeeling Emily!—vicious monſter! I am convinced you are incapable,' Mrs. Thomas, of the action aſcribed to you, and will do all in my power to trace the villany to its ſource. A faithful ſervant deſerves a better fate. It ſhall be my care to do you juſtice.'

"'Alas, ſir,' ſaid the poor woman, 'I have always endeavoured to do my duty in my ſtation; nor do I know an inſtance in which I have acted diſhoneſtly.—Oh, yes; once—once, indeed, I was guilty of a theft; yet as I cannot reproach myſelf for it, I hope I ſhall be forgiven. Don't judge too hardly of me, ſir, and I'll tell you all about it. I lived, as I told you, with a lady who took me to Italy; ſhe was a moſt amiable woman, and had one child, of about three years old; and another was born while I

was with her at Rome. We ſoon after returned to England, and I lived in her ſervice ten years. My poor miſtreſs, at the end of that time, ſickened and died. She was too good to live long. The houſe and furniture were to be ſold by auction. Oh how my heart ached to ſee the chair and ſofa covers which were worked by my miſtreſs and myſelf, numbered on the liſt of the auctioneer! Even her favorite guitar was not omitted. The Lord forgive me; but when I ſaw the ill-looking man coming towards the muſic-room, where my miſtreſs's picture hung, I went in quickly before him, and taking it from over the chimney-piece, I put it under my apron. It was not miſſed; and indeed it was of no great value. That is the only time, if I were upon oath, that I ever committed a diſhoneſt action.'

"'It hardly deſerves ſo harſh a term,' cried I; 'but I ſuppoſe the picture has long ſince been ſold to procure you the neceſſaries of life.'

"'No,

"'No, ſir,' replied ſhe, with firmneſs; 'the picture is not worth a penny; for though the likeneſs is excellent, the painting is bad, and the frame worm-eaten and rotten; but had it been worth hundreds of pounds, never would I have been nouriſhed by diſhoneſt bread. Had I ſold it, it would, indeed, have been a robbery.'

"She aroſe, and from among ſome old rags which compoſed her wretched bed, ſhe drew the picture in queſtion, and put it into my hands. I wiped away the duſt with indifference, which was converted into aſtoniſhment, when I beheld my mother's reſemblance.

"'Tell me,' cried I, while a thouſand feelings rent my heart, 'tell me if your miſtreſs's name was Selmore?'

"'It was, ſir. Oh, gracious! I hope you will not take the picture from me.'

"'You have then,' cried I, 'forgotten your little favorite Reginald?'

"The whole truth now ruſhed upon her mind, and throwing herſelf on her knees, ſhe

ſhe ſobbed out her rapture. When ſhe grew a little compoſed, I obſerved, that as I had been ſo fortunate as to reſcue her from death, I felt myſelf bound to protect her from the gripe of poverty. I begged her to ſeek a more convenient lodging, and promiſed to ſee her again before I left England. I then gave her the trifling ſum I was poſſeſſed of; and after a long converſation, in which ſhe informed me of the circumſtances I have related of my birth, I left her for the night. I forgot to mention that ſhe willingly reſigned the picture, together with a lock of my mother's hair, which ſhe had cut from her head after her deceaſe. There were, however, two circumſtances which I particularly wiſhed to inveſtigate; and Mrs. Thomas could throw no light on them; viz. the title of my father, and the fate of my brother. It appeared that my father was an Engliſh nobleman; but he always concealed his real name under that of Hewardine. My brother had, ſoon after her return to England, been

removed

removed from the protection of my mother, and no tidings had since been heard of him.

"I hastened to my lodgings, and gave loose to thought. That Emily was a worthless woman, I was before convinced; but that she should be a monster of vice, I had, as yet, no conception. Mrs. Thomas next crossed my imagination. What could be done for that worthy persecuted creature? Were I to recommend her to Cecilia, I was aware that Emily would not hesitate at any act, however diabolical. Besides, Cecilia, who was an inmate of the house at the same time, might be too fully persuaded of her guilt, to listen to any argument in her favor. I at length resolved to place her in some lodging, where she might work at her needle, as far as her strength would allow, and from time to time remit her such sums as I could spare, from my allowance abroad.

"I called on the good woman the next morning. Mrs. Bosky informed me that her lodger had removed to Duke Street, Westminster: thither I bent my steps, and was

was surprised at the alteration in her appearance. She was dressed in a plain cotton gown, which she had redeemed from the pawnbroker. Her apartment, though small, was neat, and exhibited an air of comfort. I then proposed my plan. She acquiesced with tears of joy; and I did not leave her, till I had forced her to accept a more considerable relief. This had, in fact, reduced my own finances to a very small compass; but as I was soon to leave England, I felt little anxiety on that head; or rather my exultation would admit of none but pleasurable ideas. I attended my appointment with Creswell. He received me with his usual asperity. When I told him I was willing to accede to the plan my friends had pointed out, he only observed, that I was obedient, because it was out of my power to be otherwise. This observation produced a severe dispute, which ended in a fit of good humor on his part—thanks to repeated applications to the bottle. He could not, however, refrain from hinting

at

at faro, and Portland Place. This produced a diſſertation upon gaming, which, though our ideas coincided, an unconcerned by-ſtander might have imagined a warmly conteſted point. Hurt at his want of confidence in my proteſtations of never having played, I took my leave as ſoon as decency would permit; after he had ſettled the plan of my eſtabliſhment, and ſummed up the various expenſes my imprudence had occaſioned, he ſuffered me to depart. As I reſolved not to delay my journey, in a few days all was prepared. I took an affectionate leave of Miſs Hartlebury and Cecilia. I ſettled a plan of correſpondence with the latter, and left her with tears in her eyes. Mrs. Thomas was highly afflicted when I informed her of the neceſſity of my departure. She had procured ſome work, and as ſhe told me that ſhe was in no preſſing need of aſſiſtance, I left her, bleſſing the hour ſhe firſt ſaw Mrs. Selmore.

"On my arrival at Gottingen," I ſettled

myſelf with an honeſt German family. I found my expenſes would be very trifling, and rejoiced that it would be in my power to aſſiſt my protegée. I received ſeveral letters from Cecilia. Emily's name was never mentioned; except to ſay, that ſhe had called at Miſs Hartlebury's, and the viſit had been returned. I regularly remitted ſmall ſums to Mrs. Thomas, and was happy to find ſhe could ſupport herſelf by that and the profits ariſing from her induſtry.

"Three years rolled rapidly away; my correſpondence with Cecilia had been uninterrupted, when ſuddenly I received no anſwer, though I had repeatedly written.— I was alarmed for her welfare, and was preparing to reviſit England when the ſo long wiſhed for letter arrived. I eagerly broke the ſeal. She informed me, that ill health had hitherto prevented her from employing her pen; that Miſs Burgeſs had attended her during her illneſs, and ſhown ſo much attachment, that ſhe had confided

to

to her the terms on which we were. She begged me to forget the ill treatment I had received from Emily, for her ſake; and, after ſome expreſſions of regard, concluded by obſerving, that ſhe ſhould probably paſs a fortnight in Portland Place.— I could not but remark a viſible difference between the ſtyle of this letter and the others I had received from Cecilia. I was hurt at her imprudent confidence, and ſhocked to think that ſhe ſhould be an inmate, even for a ſhort time, of the ſame houſe with an artful inſidious woman. I nevertheleſs comforted myſelf with the reflection that her regard for me was unſhaken, and abandoned the idea of my journey.— A Dutch gentleman, with whom I was very intimate, took his degrees at Gottingen, and when upon the point of returning to his father, a rich burgomaſter of Amſterdam, he preſſed me ſo earneſtly to accompany him, that I could not with propriety refuſe; beſides, I much wiſhed to ſee the United Provinces, and propoſed in

my own mind to make a tour of them and return to Gottingen. I paſſed three months with my friend, but was prevented from a return in the moſt unexpected manner.

"The rapid progreſs of the French arms threatened the United Provinces. I wrote to Creſwell, for permiſſion to reviſit England, but before I could receive an anſwer, the province of Utrecht ſurrendered to ſuperior power; indeed the inhabitants were but too willing to admit the conquerors. I applied to the French general for a paſſport to Gottingen, but, as an Engliſhman, I experienced a refuſal. All direct communication was now at an end between England and Holland. I was obliged to diſpatch a letter by the way of Hamburgh, and awaited an anſwer with impatience: I at the ſame time wrote a letter to Hartlebury, between whom and myſelf an uninterrupted correſpondence had ſubſiſted. In that letter I firſt re-

queſted

quested a supply of money, as my remittances would doubtless be uncertain: in former letters I had acquainted him with all that had taken place in regard to Cecilia and myself; he rejoiced at my penetration, and pitied Meredith's delusion.

"Two months passed away, and I received no answer to either of my letters. My friend offered to accommodate me with any sum, but I waived his offer, and at length procured a passage to England, by disguising myself in the habit of an American sailor. I landed at Gravesend, and proceeded on foot to London. Not doubting but my application to return was disagreeable to Creswell, I felt much depressed; but I was mistaken: he received me, as usual, with petulance; but when he heard I was master of the German language, he spared his reproaches. I was soon equipped with suitable apparel, and repaired immediately to Wimpole Street: Miss Hartlebury was at home; she received

ceived me with all the warmth of friendship: I inquired for Cecilia.

" 'Miſs Fitzhubert,' ſaid ſhe, 'returns here this morning: ſhe has been for a few days in Portland Place, and in about a month will take up her conſtant reſidence there.'

" 'Madam!'

" 'Yes—I am ſorry to ſay ſhe will ſoon quit my roof; ſhe is an amiable girl; but her vivacity is ill ſuited to the retirement of domeſtic life.'

" 'I am amazed,' exclaimed I: 'Miſs Fitzhubert quit your reſpectable abode, to return to——'

" 'I ſee, Mr. Foreſter, how this news affects you. I will inform you of all that has paſſed during your abſence; it is neceſſary you ſhould know it, though I fear the recital will not be too pleaſing to your ear.'

" She then informed me, that, upon my leaving England, Cecilia had perſe-

vered

vered in never frequenting the parties at Lady Fazakerly's. She ſometimes ſaw Miſs Burgeſs, and returned her viſits; but after a long illneſs, during which that lady had paid her every attention, ſhe had found ſuch pleaſure in her ſociety, that ſhe had agreed to take up her abode once more in Portland Place.

"'I never was in your confidence,' added Miſs Hartlebury, ſmiling; 'but I perceived that a connexion was forming between yourſelf and Cecilia of a tenderer nature than mere friendſhip. I rejoiced at the proſpect of happineſs which lay open to this deſerving girl. I hope, however, your return will reconcile all inconſiſtencies, and once more bring her to reflection and retirement.'

"Cecilia now returned home. I was ſtruck at her altered appearance, but attributed it to the remains of indiſpoſition: the manner in which ſhe received me reaſſured my drooping ſpirits.

"I did

" I did not leave the houſe till a late hour. I went to my lodgings in Bond Street, and gave myſelf up to reflection on what had paſſed. That Cecilia ſhould reviſit the dangerous manſion of Lady Fazakerly ſurpriſed and ſhocked me. I felt almoſt inclined to renounce her; yet when I reflected on her many amiable qualities and lovely perſon, I found her chains ſtronger than I was aware. I ſighed at the idea—what happineſs could await me with a woman who, accuſtomed to ſplendor, would paſs her time in repining at the ſacrifices ſhe had made when united to me? I haſtily checked the riſing idea, and forgetting her foibles, called to mind her gentle unaſſuming manners, and concluded that her good ſenſe would enable her to deſpiſe what a thoughtleſs moment alone had taught her to admire.

" On my next appearance in Wimpole Street, I earneſtly pointed out the danger of her ſituation. She heard me with impatience;

patience; was abſolutely the champion of Miſs Burgeſs, and declared her ſurpriſe that I had not ſhaken off my prejudices in regard to that *amiable girl*. I thought of Mrs. Thomas, ſighed, and withdrew.

" Three weeks had elapſed, and the following day Cecilia was to quit the houſe of Miſs Hartlebury. I called there in the morning, and my heart foreboded it would be for the laſt time: a depreſſion of ſpirits weighed me to the earth, and though I could not account for it, I never had felt ſo truly wretched. Cecilia was making the neceſſary preparations for her journey, and during my converſation with Miſs Hartlebury, I aſked her if ſhe had lately heard from her brother; ſhe anſwered in the negative.

" 'I heard from him laſt,' ſaid ſhe, 'ſome time before your arrival: he mentions you in a ſtrange manner. I hope there is no miſunderſtanding between you.'

" She then took a letter from her pocket-

pocket-book, and read part of it:—theſe were the words that concerned me:

"'I have had ſeveral letters from Foreſter; he has got into a diſagreeable ſcrape in Holland, and wants me to expoſe myſelf to ſerve him. I ſhall neither anſwer his letter, or hold any farther acquaintance with ſo fooliſh a young man.'

"'Good heavens! Hartlebury! the worthy Hartlebury talk in this ſtrain! No! there never was, there never will be ſuch a phœnix as a diſintereſted friend!' My emotion was not to be concealed; the tear of diſappointment roſe to my eye, but was inſtantly repelled by the bluſh of reſentment.

"'What can my brother mean?' ſaid Miſs Hartlebury: 'he is a worthy, generous man, and a warm and zealous friend.'

"'Yes, madam,' cried I, with indignation, 'this worthy, generous man—this warm and zealous friend, after repeated offers of his purſe, when not wanted, withheld the requeſted loan of a trifling ſum

when a confidence in his honor drove me to ſolicit his aſſiſtance.'

" 'Impoſſible!' exclaimed Miſs Hartlebury: 'he is incapable of ſuch intereſted conduct; you are deceived, ſir; I know his heart, and will ſtake my life upon his honor.'

" Cecilia now made her appearance, and Miſs Hartlebury withdrew, as I imagined, but little pleaſed with my accuſation of her brother. My agitation was extreme; I paced the room with diſordered ſteps, till I was arouſed from my reverie by the voice of Cecilia. I apologized for my behaviour, but added, that an extraordinary accident had thrown me off my guard.

" 'Make no apologies, ſir,' ſaid Cecilia, coldly; 'I ſhall not detain you long.'

" The tone of her voice, which was ſuch as I had never before heard her aſſume, ſtruck a damp to my heart. I unconſciouſly

consciously seated myself, and Cecilia continued—

" 'When, Mr. Forester, I considered you as worthy of my regard, I perhaps may have given more encouragement to your hopes than cold prudence or rigid propriety may warrant. I am now too well convinced how little you deserve my esteem, and I declare that henceforth we only meet as acquaintance.'

" I could not speak; astonishment tied my tongue. Scarcely recovered from the shock occasioned by the perfidy of Hartlebury, this last blow overcame my spirits.

" 'I know not,' continued Cecilia, 'how far your conduct may be justified by the unguardedness of mine; perhaps I deserve punishment for my credulity: but know, sir, however you may dare to asperse my character, I shall smile contempt upon your efforts; the tenor of my life will refute the calumny.'

" 'Asperse your character, Miss Fitzhubert

hubert! Cecilia! Good heavens! am I waking, or do I dream?'

" 'Explanations, ſir, are uſeleſs; but this letter will remove all doubt of the motives which impel me, to renounce you for ever.'

" I opened the infernal ſcroll; its contents will never be effaced from my memory.

'MADAM,

'THOUGH not unknown to you, circumſtances muſt plead an apology for an anonymous letter. I was yeſterday at the Bedford Coffee houſe, in Covent Garden, and heard, with indignation, Miſs Fitzhubert's name the theme of a converſation which delicacy forbids me to repeat. Beware of Mr. Foreſter: he publicly declared in a company of young men, that he never had had any thought of a ſerious connexion with a girl who could make ſuch advances as yourſelf. He added more than this; he dared, ſcandalouſly dared,

dared, to insinuate, that you might become an easy prey to the smallest attention on his part. I repeat—*beware of Mr. Forester*; nor slight (lest, too late, you repent) the admonition of

'A FRIEND.'

"'And is it, Cecilia, on the ground of anonymous information that you banish me your presence? Can you not clearly perceive that Miss Burgess——'

"'Hold, sir! Miss Burgess is incapable of the act you would attribute to her.'

"'Too late will you find that my suspicions do not wrong her. I protest——'

"'I have been but too long the dupe of protestations; your guilt or innocence is alike to me, and I repeat that I renounce you for ever.'

"She then rushed from the room.

"I now felt alone in the world. The ties binding me to existence seemed annihilated: my friend false, my mistress unjust, Miss

Harttlebury irritated, my guardian void of feeling, where, where was I to seek for consolation? I rushed from the house, and, in a fit of desperation, wandered I knew not whither. I found myself, at length, at the end of Piccadilly. A stage was just setting off. I threw myself into it, and was conveyed in three days, without knowing whither I was going, to Barnstaple, in Devonshire. I was in a high fever; but, after having been let blood, I acquired composure enough to write to Creswell. I apologized for leaving London so abruptly, entreated permission to reside in Devonshire till the time allotted for my future establishment should arrive, and requested him to send the money in my bureau, with my other effects.—The return of post brought me an answer. Creswell wondered at my precipitate retreat, which he failed not to attribute to disrespect; yet he willingly acquiesced in my desire of retirement. He observed,

that

that a year or two in Devonſhire would teach me to forget high life, diſſipation, and gaming; cautioned me againſt a return to London without expreſs order, and concluded by obſerving, that I muſt implicitly obey every command of my friends; for I was illegitimate, and it was in their power to reduce me to nothing.

"It was by the converſation of ſome London riders that I firſt heard of Linton Vale. I took horſe, and, with a guide, ſoon reached this enchanting ſpot. Such a ſecluded ſituation (for it is on all ſides, but towards the ſea, bounded by extenſive moors) was well ſuited to my feelings. I hired the cottage you behold, and have, for eight months lived the life of a recluſe, finding a relief from thought in the practice of painting and muſic. The few conveniences I poſſeſs are brought from Barnſtaple, and even from Exeter; and ſince I have dwelt here, yourſelf and brother are the only ſtrangers

who

who have broken the monotony of my retirement."

Cuthbert expreſſed his acknowledgments for the trouble his hoſt had taken in ſatisfying his curioſity, and obſerved, that while he commiſerated his ſufferings he found but little to blame in his conduct: but Cuthbert's tongue and heart were at variance; he really pitied Foreſter, but he condemned him as being raſh, and the dupe of artful women.

Both gentlemen now deſcended the cliff, and when they arrived at the cottage, they found Sinclair drying himſelf by the kitchen fire: he had fallen into the river, and was giving fiſh and fiſhing-rod to the devil. He informed them, that he knew not what happened after the firſt plunge; all that he remembered was, finding himſelf wet through, on the graſs, with a perſon by him, who paid him every attention; when he got better, he wiſhed to thank his preſerver, but he immedi-

 ately

ately mounted his horſe and rode away, in order to avoid his acknowledgments.

Foreſter congratulated him on his eſcape, and they ſpent the remainder of the evening in diſcourſing on the intended expedition round the weſt of England.

CHAP. IV.

——'Tis ſlander,
Whoſe edge is ſharper than the ſword—whoſe tongue
Outvenoms all the worms of Nile—whoſe breath
Rides on the poſting winds, and doth belie
All corners of the world. SHAKESPEAR.

HOW often is that character, placed by fame in an amiable point of view, and deemed irreproachable, found, upon cloſe inſpection, to be deficient in many of the moſt important duties of morality!—The father of Foreſter was a nobleman whoſe name was never blaſted by diſhonor, whoſe ſentiments dignified the patriot, and in private life were the baſis of felicity. Reſpected by his country, and the admiration of his friends, what was the blemiſh that chilled a thouſand good qualities and blunted the finer feelings of the heart?—A deſire to be thought above even the failings of humanity. Calumny had never

dared to blot his character, and to preserve the jewel in its full brilliancy he would condescend to actions which, while they answered his purpose, bitterly taught him, that, although he rose in the opinion of others, he sunk in his own. Upon his return from his travels, he married a very amiable woman, and, on the decease of Mrs. Selmore, lest the birth of Forester should transpire, he placed him under the care of Creswell, with strict orders to change the name to any he thought proper, and never to mention it in his presence. He had had many children by his lady, who all died in their infancy. This was a severe blow to one who was the last of an ancient house; and while he repined at the want of an heir, to transmit his name to posterity, he suffered an amiable son, merely because he was illegitimate, to want a father's care.

Frequently had his Lordship's heart prompted him to desire an interview; yet pride as frequently checked the emotions of

of ſtruggling parental fondneſs, and whiſpered, that as his ſon was not ſuffered to languiſh in poverty or forbidden to look up to a proper ſettlement in life, no blame could poſſibly be attached to his conduct. Impertinent obſervations might be circulated, were the affair to tranſpire, and the reputation he had ſo long and ſo carefully preſerved unblemiſhed, might be materially injured, as the ſmalleſt ſpeck is perceptible on a white ſurface. Then he reflected, that Creſwell was a very honeſt man; he had found him ſo in all his tranſactions; he bore an excellent character, and could not but be a proper guardian to a youth about to enter the world.

Theſe were the fallacious ſuggeſtions of pride: if thoſe who roll in the higher circles of life were aware of the difference of behaviour of men to their ſuperiors, and to thoſe in their power, ſuch ideas would ſoon vaniſh. Man is a tyrant; the ſycophant who kiſſes the footſteps of the great, expects the ſame homage from thoſe in a

 lower

lower walk of life; and if some independent soul spurn at the servile obeisance, calumny, persecution, and hatred, are its reward.

One morning, as his Lordship sat at his bureau, some papers, which had long lain unobserved, by the removal of a standish, were thrown to the ground. He carelessly took them up, and, wiping away the dust, found them to be some old accompts. He was about to commit them to the flames, when a letter caught his eye, and rivetted his attention. He trembled as he unfolded the paper: the letter was written by Mrs. Selmore, during her last illness at Bristol. His Lordship's feelings were roused, for though dormant, and, in a great measure, subservient to pride, they yet inhabited his bosom; and as he read the lines traced by the hand of her he once adored, and whose society he had sacrificed to more important considerations, he felt himself capable of shedding tears.

"Tor-

"TOTTERING upon the brink of the grave, and with a mind agitated by all the tender cares of a mother, permit me, my Lord, to ſolicit your attention.—Protect my Reginald—protect your ſon—may he live to emulate the good qualities of his father, and may the bleſſings his wretched mother forfeited by imprudence be doubled on his head! Love him not leſs, becauſe he has no *legal* claim to your affection. The laws are ſilent, for it was ſuppoſed that nature would be eloquent. Weakneſs obliges me to reſign my pen.—Oh, my Lord! protect my child. Protect him; and, by chooſing a proper guardian, ſhield him from the gripe of poverty and the ſnares of vice; and ſhould you ever deign to ſee him (though of that I have little hope, as your name has never paſſed my lips), teach him to drop a tear to the memory of the unfortunate

Briſtol. "ELLEN SELMORE."

 This

This incoherent letter roused *all the father* in his Lordship's heart: he hastily folded it up, and putting it into his pocket-book, walked towards Pall Mall, intending to acquaint Creswell with his intention of seeing his long-neglected son; but during the walk, a struggle took place between pride and principle: the latter was however victorious, though the contest was sharply maintained. As if ashamed of his intention, he gave a very gentle knock at the door, which was immediately opened, by a servant, who informed his Lordship that Creswell was going out, but added, that if he would step into the parlour, he would inform his master, begging, at the same time, to know what name he should mention.

"Say, that Mr. Hewardine wishes to speak with him," said his Lordship, much disconcerted by a question so natural, yet so mal-a-propos.

The servant retired, and passed into another

another parlour, leaving both doors a-jar, so that not a word that paffed could efcape an attentive ear; efpecially, as Crefwell fpoke in a tone of voice that indicated the prefence of an inferior.

"I might as well have thrown my money into the kennel!" thundered he.

The reply was delivered in too low a tone to be diftinctly heard; but his Lordfhip caught the words "Long ficknefs—fudden death of my hufband—the fum is but twenty pounds—a little patience—"

"And fo, becaufe your hufband chofe to hang himfelf, I am to lend you money, and for the very fame reafon, am to lofe it; I wifh I had not been fool enough to trouble myfelf about you. But I'll make the beft of a bad bargain, and fhall teach you to borrow, and not be able to pay. Good God, what a world we live in! An honeft man is called hard-hearted if he afks for what is his own.—Is not the debt a juft one?" exclaimed he, raifing his voice.

 "It

"It is, indeed, ſir; I never meant to diſpute it. You lent me the money at the requeſt of Mrs.——"

"Huſh! huſh! what buſineſs is it of yours at whoſe requeſt I lent it?—The queſtion is, how to pay; and I tell you honeſtly, that if I don't receive the whole in a few days, I'll teach you a leſſon not eaſily forgotten."

Sobs were the only reply to this unfeeling harangue; and the ſervant announced Mr. Hewardine.

"There, Mrs. Cooper, you ſee I am wanted: good day to you for the preſent: —mind, I ſhall be at home on Thurſday, next, at eleven, and, if you diſappoint me, take the conſequence."

"Oh, ſir! for mercy's ſake! for the ſake of my poor children!—"

"Certainly! I never knew a beggar but had a large family—the tune is too common."

"No, ſir," exclaimed the woman with indignation, "I am no beggar; I live decently

ently by my own labor; and if you would have patience about the twenty pounds, I should be well to live. I never feared work; you know I never did, all the ten years I was in your service: and now I must go to prison." It is sure a strange way to make people pay their debts, by shutting them up. But God knows best!"

She then left the house; and Creswell entering the parlour into which his Lordship had been shown, he started back with astonishment, not unmixed with fear, as it was the first time such an honor had fallen to his lot.

"My Lord, your most obedient and devoted servant," said he, in a tone of servility, and with a smile of Judas. I am afraid I have detained your Lordship; my servant announced a Mr. Hewardine."

"I desired him to do so," said his Lordship, blushing at having overacted his part, and given an air of mystery where none was required.

Crefwell put on a look of profound refpect, and was filent.

"I have been thinking, Crefwell," faid his Lordfhip, "that I—I—I—ought—that is to fay, I wifh to fee my fon;—that is, Mrs. Selmore's child.—I fuppofe he muft be a fine young man by this time—he will foon be four and twenty; and it will be proper to put him forward in the world—not that I mean to take him by the hand myfelf—no—he muft ever remain ignorant to whom he owes his birth—but yet, I wifh—you underftand me?"

"Perfectly, my Lord," faid Crefwell, bowing to the ground.

"Why, then, pray put it in execution as foon as poffible: could it not take place this evening?"

"What, my Lord?—I—I—I fear I have not perfectly comprehended—"

His Lordfhip paced the room with hurried fteps.

"I wifh to fee young Selmore," faid he; "curiofity is my only motive."

"His

"His name, my Lord, is——"

"I am not curious as to that: bring him here: call me Hewardine. I am resolved to see him this evening."

"It will be impossible, my Lord, this evening, for several reasons."

"Impossible, why so?"

"He is at present in the north of Devon; and besides——"

"That is, indeed, a very cogent reason," said his Lordship, laughing; "but why in the north of Devon? has he any acquaintance in those parts?"

"None, I believe, my Lord? but he is a very flighty young man, more willing to follow his own whims than the advice of better judgments."

"Why not curb those whims? You have a discretionary power. I hope you have not been weakly indulgent!"

"I, my Lord!" exclaimed Creswell: "no, I assure your Lordship I have been severe enough. I always used, whether he acted right or wrong, to hold up his dependant

pendant ſituation to his view. I always uſed to tell him, he was to have no will of his own, and that he was implicitly to obey every command of his ſuperiors, however repugnant to his inclinations; and, beſides all this, I uſed to obſerve, that his mother——"

"I am afraid, then, Creſwell, you have purſued a very wrong plan: if he does not deſerve it, ſuch ſeverity will only exaſperate."

Both were ſilent. Creſwell was thunderſtruck—his cunning had defeated its own end; and having, where he looked for praiſe, met reproof, he, with all the malice of a narrow mind, reſolved to wreak his vengeance on the head of the defenceleſs Forester. His Lordſhip ſat ſome time reflecting upon the cruelty of his conduct. To truſt ſo ſacred a concern as the education of a child, in the hands of a man, to whoſe character, except in pecuniary tranſactions, he was an utter ſtranger, ſtruck his heart with compunction. He had

overheard

overheard the conversation between Creswell and a suppliant;—how could the man, who shut his ears against the cries of the widow and orphan, be one to conciliate (what, something whispered to him, his son might possess) a feeling heart?

"You have, then," resumed his Lordship, "always taught him the bitter lesson of humility; if so, he is an indocile scholar: where did he gain his ideas of independence?"

"My Lord," said Creswell, "I ought to blame myself in one respect, for indulgence, though I before disclaimed the charge. When he was placed, by your extreme bounty, with the Rev. Mr. Bloxham, he sometimes accompanied Sir Edward Fullerton, the companion of his studies, on visits to his parents. There, I suppose, his vanity was inflamed by those trifling attentions paid him as to one of a quick turn of mind; for, to do him justice, he possesses much vivacity. These attentions taught him to put too high a value upon

upon himſelf; and he began to mimic the man before he had ſhaken off the child. It is, perhaps, owing to this, that he has lately fallen into connexions highly improper. He was nearly the dupe of gameſters, who would have completed his ruin, had I not ſhielded him from the danger by every exertion in my power."

"Gameſters! fall into the hands of gameſters!" exclaimed his Lordſhip; "how dare a ſon of mine—a natural ſon too! I would not forgive ſuch behaviour, were he the heir of my honors and eſtate! His allowance is genteel, but will it hold out if the gaming-table have attractions? Yet are you ſure he played, Creſwell? be very certain of what you ſay. A gameſter!"

"I cannot ſay," ſaid the cautious Creſwell, "that I ſaw him hold the cards, nor do I know what ſums he has ſquandered: his departure from London was very myſterious; and by his own confeſſion he was in a houſe where faro, rouge et noir——"

"Enough!

"Enough! enough! I will never see him more. I utterly disclaim him."

Creswell now began to fear he had again overshot his mark. His aim was to prevent a meeting between his Lordship and Forester, but not to bring about a final rupture. He therefore, with much seeming candor, began to repair the mischief he had caused. He represented the youth of the delinquent, his good heart, and the effects of solitude upon a thinking mind; artfully insinuating, that, were Forester to be totally abandoned, his birth would doubtless transpire, as he would naturally make every effort to retrieve his ruined circumstances. This last argument was a powerful one in favor of Forester—it conquered; and his Lordship, after repeated instructions to Creswell, to keep his ward in the utmost subjection, departed to his own house, well satisfied in having done his duty, and blaming his son for a vice which that son held in utter detestation.

The motives which induced Creswell to counteract

counteract the generous design of his Lordship, did not arise from a fear that his accompts would not bear a review. He was an honest man, not from principle, but from a fear of shame. He justly thought, should an interview take place, that Forester would expose his real character, as harsh and overbearing. This he had, with much art and duplicity, evaded: nay, so complete was his success, that were he to double his rancor, he had the sanction of his Lordship's authority. Thus is it that many an innocent character suffers all the horrors of persecution, for want of candor or penetration in the judge to develope the heart of the accuser; or for want of feeling, in not permitting the accused to plead his own cause. Thus it is, that the best actions of good and great characters are perverted, by delegating unworthy agents to situations of the most important nature.

CHAP. V.

Full many a gem of pureſt ray ſerene
The dark, unfathom'd caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flow'r is doom'd to bluſh unſeen,
And waſte its ſweetneſs on the deſert air. GRAY.

FOUR days paſſed away, during which time Foreſter and his gueſts were confined to the cottage, owing to a heavy fall of rain. On the fifth morning, Cuthbert propoſed continuing his journey, but the joint entreaties of his companions prevailed upon him to defer his departure. Sinclair took down the fiſhing-rod, and obſerved, that, ſhould he fall into the water a ſecond time, there he muſt lie; for he ſuppoſed nobody would take him out again ſo very opportunely. Foreſter aſked him to deſcribe his deliverer's perſon; but Sinclair replied, that his eyes were ſo dim at the time, he could not have diſtinguiſhed a bear from a boat.

boat. He then departed; and his brother and Forester once more ascended the cliff leading to Linton. They passed the church-yard, and turning into a narrow lane, walked on for a quarter of a mile; when, suddenly, the prospect opening, presented a scene as striking as tremendous. As by enchantment, Cuthbert found himself in an extensive valley; the mountains around were covered with enormous stones, and presented no trace of vegetation. Masses of rock frowned on all sides, and seemed to menace the unwary traveller with instant annihilation: they appeared as if suspended by a thread, and a touch of the finger seemed sufficient to precipitate them to the bottom of the valley. An opening at the west end of this tremendous spot, displayed a view of the Bristol channel, and the coast of Wales; innumerable vessels were seen flitting past the interstice, and the prospect varied every moment.

"How happy are you," said Cuthbert,

after a pauſe of admiration, "who can daily enjoy ſcenes like theſe!"

"Does happineſs then," ſaid Foreſter, "depend upon local circumſtances?"

"At leaſt," rejoined Cuthbert, "your ſituation may be the means of chaſing anxious ideas, and of affording, if not a permanent, at leaſt a temporary calm."

"The ſatisfaction I receive from a contemplation of the beauties of Nature, but adds a pang to after-reflection, as a wave recedes from the ſhore to return with accumulated violence."

"I then apprehend your plan of ſolitude to be the worſt you could have choſen: your feelings prey too heavily upon you; and diſſipation, or active life, would have been more eligible."

They had now reached the end of the valley, and ſtopping ſhort, Foreſter propoſed a walk to the remains of an ancient Daniſh encampment, which was at ſome miles diſtance. Cuthbert aſſented. They retraced their ſteps, deſcended the cliff, and proceeding

ceeding along the ſide of the river through a wood of oak, after an hour's walk they arrived at the encampment. It was ſituated in the northern extremity of Devonſhire, and was in a very perfect ſtate; the wildneſs of the extenſive moor on which it was placed, gave riſe to a train of ideas, melancholy yet pleaſing.

"Here," ſaid Foreſter, "was once the encampment of Hubba. Here did the Daniſh ſpoiler invade our iſle; where now is all the 'pomp, pride, and circumſtance of glorious war?' 'Tis gone; and ſheep graze quietly upon the ſpot, where heroes have bled, and old men have given counſel. Whenever I contemplate this wild ſcene, the words of Oſſian preſent themſelves to me: 'To-morrow ſhall the traveller come; he that ſaw me in my beauty ſhall come; his eyes ſhall ſearch the field, but they ſhall not find me'."

"I think," ſaid Cuthbert, "that boſom muſt be cold indeed, not to be moved by the contemplation of ſuch a relic of antiquity. I

cannot but figure to myſelf the hardy chiefs arifing from the tomb, and ſmiling contempt on the preſent puny race of mortals. Where ſhall we now find an Odun to reſcue our country from invaſion? Where ſhall we find the ſpirit of unanimity which inſpired our anceſtors, and drove the fierce invader from our coaſts, or cauſed him to find in them a tomb?"

"Imagination muſt be ſanguine indeed," ſaid Foreſter, "to expect the latter; but I am confident, in caſe of actual invaſion, each individual would ſtart up an Odun, protect his country, and ſave the Britiſh name from diſhonor."

Their converſation was interrupted by the appearance of a gentleman, who came riding towards them upon a grey horſe. On his approach, he was immediately accoſted by Foreſter.

"Hammond! already returned!—I thought you meant to paſs ſome weeks at Exeter."

"Yes," replied the gentleman, "I ſuch was

was my intention, but I hate to be from home; and as my bufinefs was finifhed fooner than I expected, I immediately croffed the country. I have been here thefe four days, and fhould have called on you before, if I had not heard you had vifitors on bufinefs."

Forefter now introduced Hammond to Cuthbert; he feemed no ways tainted by the *mauvaife honte* fo natural to provincials. He converfed with eafe and freedom; and when Forefter faid he fhould expect him to dinner, he replied, that he could not dine, but would endeavour to fup with him.

"I am obliged to meet fome honeft farmers," faid he, "who want to turn a poor devil out of the parifh, being convicted of the heinous crime of poverty; but I fancy I fhall be too hard for them. Well, I'll fup with you if I can, and if I do not, you know the lofs will be all on my fide."

So faying, he clapt fpurs to his horfe, and was out of fight in a moment.

"There,"

" There," ſaid Foreſter, as he looked after him, " goes one of the worthieſt of men."

" Who can he be?" ſaid Cuthbert: " I never ſaw a perſon who intereſted me ſo much at firſt ſight."

" Did you obſerve his fine perſon?" ſaid Foreſter .

" I did," replied Cuthbert.

" That young man," ſaid Foreſter, " is a ſelf-taught genius. He never had any advantage of education; but a native ſtrength of mind, and a thirſt of knowledge, more than ſupply the want of it."

"I preſume then," obſerved Cuthbert, "like moſt ſelf-taught geniuſes, he has a thorough conviction of his ſuperiority, and teaches the uninformed ruſtics to hide their diminiſhed heads: beſides, his perſon is ſuch, that the poſſeſſor muſt be blind, indeed, not to draw a compariſon to his own advantage, when he contemplates the villagers around him."

" You wrong him: his diffidence equals his

his merit. So far from arrogating a claim to pre-eminence, he aims at no petty diſtinctions. In regard to his perſon, I believe he is the only one who eſteems it beneath a thought."

"This is, indeed, a rare character," ſaid Cuthbert; "it is a trite obſervation, that fortune is fickle; while ricketty lordlings, and hectic ſons and heirs, are made ſenators in ſpite of nature, here is a genius of the firſt rank ſuffered to languiſh in obſcurity. What had Hammond not been, if his natural genius had been cultivated by a liberal education?"

"Perhaps," ſaid Foreſter, with a mournful ſmile, "a liberal education would have warped the character it was meant to eſtabliſh. I fear more are ruined at an univerſity, than are brought to perfection by its precepts."

"Do you not allow much to the ſtrength of mind, you but now aſcribed to Hammond?"

"Probably I may; yet experience teaches

teaches us that the beſt underſtandings may be miſled, and take up notions on wrong principles. There are many, who, by dint of ſophiſtry, can make the worſe appear the better reaſon. By theſe means, many young minds become contaminated and vicious; ſuch might be the caſe with Hammond."

"I cannot agree with you," ſaid Cuthbert, "in ſlighting our univerſities. That there are many vicious characters in them, I allow; but ſuch will ever be found among a large body of men. Our ſchools have produced many high and brilliant characters; our clergy, our ſenators, our nobility, are ample proofs of my aſſertion."

"It is by no means my wiſh," ſaid Foreſter, "to caſt an odium upon an inſtitution, which I, in common with an applauding world, admire; but, if you adduce the number of thoſe, who, by a liberal education, make a figure in the world, calculate, if poſſible, how many are victims to the attempt."

Cuthbert was ſilent.

"I mean not to inſinuate," added Foreſter, "that had Hammond poſſeſſed ſome certain advantages, his ſtrong ſenſe would have been inevitably borne down by the tide of folly; but by a more intimate knowledge of the world, he would have loſt ſome of that candor which ſo eminently adorns him; his knowledge might be increaſed, but his heart would be contracted."

"You ſurely err, Mr. Foreſter: the world cannot be ſo bad as your fancy paints it. My father, whoſe knowledge of mankind is drawn from experience, holds it to my view in a far different light."

"Perhaps he wiſhes to teach you virtue, and hide vice from your obſervation; but when you mix with the world, you will ſhudder at your error."

They now approached the cottage, and their ears were ſtruck by the moſt harmonious ſounds. Both were equally aſtoniſhed: Foreſter liſtened; a loud note ſwelled, and inſtantly ſunk into ſilence.

"I di-

"I divine the caufe of this melody," faid he; "cannot you guefs at the inftrument?"

"No, indeed."

"An Æolian harp; I happened to mention it before Hammond. I fuppofe he has brought one from Exeter, and was willing to furprife me."

They quickened their fteps, and in a few minutes reached the cottage. The harp was placed in the window; and it was fome time before Forefter could be aroufed from the ecftacy its melody infpired, to afk by what means it had been conveyed to the houfe.

"Why, fir," faid the fervant, "you muft know as Meefter Hammond comed here about den minutes agone, and tould me to lay thacky thing in the window; fo I opened 'en, but as foon as I had laid 'en down, ad rat'en, a begun to fing away juft as a does now. 'So,' fays I, 'Meefter Hammond, you be certainly at your conjurations; I wifh you would ftop thacky noife:'—

noise:'--for Chrey Jamy, I was wicked enough to think it was a spirit; but Meester Hammond tould me as it was only a yowling harp, and bid me tellee he would be here to zupper."

"I find Hammond has a musical turn," said Cuthbert; "you must derive great pleasure from his society, were it on no other account."

"He has had very little instruction; for you must conclude there are few opportunities of improvement in so retired a situation: he has, nevertheless, made a great proficiency; thanks to an excellent ear, and a natural refinement of taste."

Sinclair now returned, tired and wet, exclaiming against the fish for not biting, and vowing vengeance on their obstinacy for the morrow. Dinner was immediately served up; and they were scarcely seated, when Hammond entered the room.

"I am better than my word," said he; "the farmers have agreed, in consequence of a few good words, and a quantity of strong

ſtrong ale, to let an honeſt man remain in a pariſh, from whence they had no right to diſcharge him."

"You are always engaged in ſome beneficent action," ſaid Foreſter. "It is lucky, on your account, there have been no ſhipwrecks this year. You would certainly, in that caſe, have riſked your life, as you ſo often have done, to ſave——"

"I wiſh," interrupted Hammond, "you would chooſe ſome other ſubject. How do you like the Æolian harp?"

"Pardon me," ſaid Sinclair; "but I begin to perceive myſelf much intereſted in the diſcourſe you wiſh to waive. Pray, ſir, did not you reſcue a hair-brained fellow, who was juſt upon the point of deſtruction in the river?"

"I was happy enough to be of ſervice to you," ſaid Hammond; "and I hope you have experienced no diſagreeable effects from your accident."

"None in the world; but I wiſh I knew how to expreſs my gratitude."

 "You

"You are determined to drive me away," ſaid Hammond, half riſing. "I beg I may hear no more upon the ſubject."

"My brother, ſir," ſaid Cuthbert, "muſt be ſilent; for he is convinced all thanks are inadequate returns for a ſervice of ſo important a nature."

"Spoken like an oracle," ſaid Sinclair. "I am a very plain fellow, ſir; yet to ſhow you how willing I am to content you, I promiſe not to breathe a ſyllable of the matter to yourſelf; though I krow of no obligation to bind me to ſilence with others."

Sinclair, whoſe only fault was levity, was not deficient in gratitude. He dared not praiſe Hammond to his face; but he expatiated upon the melody of the Æolian harp, though the ſound had given him the head-ache—he admired the beauty of the country, though he had ſeen but little of it, and declared the river to be the moſt picturesque he had ever beheld, though he had been more attentive to fiſhing than other obſervation. Hammond felt himſelf gratified

tified by his attention, and hearing that Sinclair was fond of riding, he offered to accommodate the whole party with horſes, to viſit a ſpot at ſome miles diſtance, which he aſſured them was the moſt beautiful view in the whole country. The propoſal met univerſal aſſent.

The evening was devoted to muſic. Hammond accompanied Foreſter on the violin. He gave evident proofs of taſte and execution. At an early hour he retired to make arrangements for the morrow's excurſion. This was, however, prevented by unfavourable weather. Sinclair loudly expreſſed his diſappointment and chagrin, which was not a little heightened by a letter received by Foreſter, urging the neceſſity of his immediate appearance in London. Sinclair was pleaſed with the cottage, and the amuſements of the country. Cuthbert, to theſe, added eſteem for his hoſt; and his concern, though deeper, was leſs clamorous. Creſwell wrote in his uſual ſtyle of aſperity, inſiſting upon the immediate journey of his

ward, and recapitulating the bounty of his friends. Hammond made his appearance in the evening: he ſeemed equally concerned with Cuthbert; and it was agreed that the brothers ſhould, on the morrow, purſue their journey, and Foreſter, the day following, leave Devonſhire for London, eſcorted by Hammond for the firſt ſtage.

CHAP.

CHAP. VI.

THREE days brought Forefter to London. His reflections were not fuch as tended to exhilarate his drooping fpirits. Why was Crefwell's letter fo peremptory? Did it originate in his ufual rancor, or did it proceed from the adoption of fome new plan? Determined to end his doubts, without putting off his travelling drefs, he repaired to Pall Mall. The windows were clofed. It was but five o'clock, and this unufual appearance, in fome degree, gave him alarm. He knocked feveral times. At length, a hollow voice, in a Scotch accent, inquired "Wha's there?"

"Is Mr. Crefwell at home?"

"In gude faith is he not," replied an old woman, as fhe cautioufly opened the door. "He went awa to Scarbroo' yefterday, of a' the days in the year, and I am left my

lane in this auld rambling hoofe, that is quite enough to give me my death wi' fear."

"No letter or meffage for Mr. Forefter?"

"Ah, yes, fure enough," faid the woman, "there is a letter; thof I hope you are a bra' honeft mon, for I never ken'd how to read my buke in aw my born days."

She then went into the parlour, and produced a letter. It was directed to Forefter. He inftantly broke it open.

"SIR,

"SUDDEN bufinefs requires my prefence at Scarborough. I fhall be abfent about a month or fix weeks. You may call upon me at the expiration of that time.

"I am, Sir,

"Your humble fervant,

"URIAH CRESWELL."

Forefter now inquired of the old fervant, if fhe could guefs at the caufe of Crefwell's fudden departure? but fhe could give him no information. He therefore left her, and called

called upon Mrs. Thomas. He found her a martyr to the rheumatiſm, yet poſſeſſing every comfort her ſituation would allow. Her fingers were ſo terribly contracted, that ſhe was unable to dreſs or feed herſelf; and ſhe had not ſtirred from her bed for the laſt month. A decent little charity child, who ſeemed well qualified for the office of nurſe, attended her. Joy illumined the pallid features of the grateful invalid, when Foreſter approached the bed. The firſt words ſhe ſpoke, were, "Oh my dear, dear ſir, I have ſeen—your father!"

"My father!" exclaimed Foreſter.

"Yes, ſir; I repeat it; your father.—Indeed, owing to that circumſtance, I am now laid up with the rheumatiſm."

"For Heaven's ſake, ſpeak," cried Foreſter. "Who, who is my father?"

"Nay, ſir, of that I am ignorant. I only ſaid I ſaw him. I was working at the window fronting the ſtreet, and my rheumatiſm was beginning to be troubleſome——"

"Yes,

"Yes, yes," cried Foreſter, impatiently; "proceed."

"Why, ſir, it was a wet, raw day, and a great noiſe in the ſtreet made me look up. A fine chariot was run againſt, and almoſt overturned by a dray. A gentleman got out of the carriage, whom I immediately recogniſed to be the perſon who lived with Mrs. Selmore in Italy. I called this little girl, and charged her to inquire whoſe equipage it was. She was told; but the fooliſh child forgot the name by the way; and before I could gain farther intelligence, the chariot was gone. Oh Mary, Mary, how could you be ſo ſilly, when I told you not to forget!"

"It was Lord ſomething," ſaid the girl; "and I ſhould know the name, if I was to hear it again."

"Indeed?" ſaid Foreſter. "Was it Hewardine?"

"Yes, ſure," cried the girl, clapping her little hands together: "that's the very name."

Foreſter,

Forester, rather suspecting the truth of the assertion, said, "I would give half a crown, if the name had been Newton."

"So it was, so it was," said the child. "Newton was the very name I heard; I am sure—very sure of it."

"Go, get you gone, you little fibbing gypsy," cried Mrs. Thomas, in a rage. "You know, whenever I mentioned a name, you have regularly said it was that."

When the girl left the room, Forester attempted to comfort Mrs. Thomas, by declaring that he wished not to develop the mystery hanging over his birth, till his father should think proper to come forward; that, doubtless, he had cogent reasons for the secrecy he observed, and it was his duty to acquiesce in whatever his father thought proper. He then listened with benignity to "the tale of symptoms," bade Mrs. Thomas send for the best advice, and gave her the proper fees for a physician.

A few days after this interview, it struck Forester that common politeness required him

him to wait upon Lord Arrowſworth. His Lordſhip had ever appeared partial to him; but the defalcation of Hartlebury ſeemed to augur that his favor in that quarter was, or would ſoon be, on the decline. He nevertheleſs reſolved to venture, conſcious that no ſingle action of his life was ſuch as ſhould make him hide his head. Lord Arrowſworth received him with dignified politeneſs; and though ſuſpicion was throned in the boſom of Foreſter, he found no cauſe to imagine that his Lordſhip's ſentiments of regard had ſuffered any diminution. After an hour's cheerful converſation, Foreſter took his leave, but not without receiving an invitation to ſupper on the morrow, when he was promiſed an agreeable ſurpriſe. During the whole of the converſation, Lord Arrowſworth had not once mentioned the name of Hartlebury. Foreſter concluded ſome rupture had taken place between that gentleman and his Lordſhip; but that delicacy had forbidden the mention of it. He was very curious to know in what the promiſed

mised agreeable surprise was to consist; and he thought the time long till he could again revisit St. James's Square. At length the moment arrived. He was ushered up stairs; and on entering the room, beheld Hartlebury in earnest conversation with Lord Arrowsworth. Rage and disdain flashed from the eyes of Forester, while cool contempt seemed to be the predominant feeling of Hartlebury. Lord Arrowsworth, in amazement, exclaimed, "What does this mean?"

"Mr. Hartlebury can best inform your Lordship."

"Perhaps, sir," said Hartlebury, coolly, "as the recital will not reflect much honor upon yourself, you will find it to your advantage to tell your own tale."

"Do you dare, Mr. Hartlebury, to accuse me of falsehood?"

"I know you to be guilty of a worse crime—ingratitude."

"Remember, sir," said Lord Arrowsworth, "that Mr. Forester is under my roof. I thought to forward your mutual satisfaction

satisfaction (since you, Mr. Hartlebury, are but just arrived from Hamburgh), by managing this interview. Sorry I am that any misunderstanding should have taken place between you; and, though unused to such an employ, I willingly shall act as umpire in this cause."

"Be it so," cried both.

Lord Arrowsworth seated himself, and Hartlebury taking a letter from his pocket-book, exclaimed with energy, "Mr. Forester, as a man of honor, is, or is not, that your hand-writing?"

"It is, sir, my hand-writing."

"You have exposed yourself. Read, and blush at your unworthiness."

The rage that boiled in the bosom of Forester, was, for a moment, checked by the stronger operation of curiosity, which was converted into horror, as he perused the horrible contents of the letter.

"DEAR HARTLEBURY,

"I AM at present awkwardly situated, and am almost at my wit's end. I lately

lately loſt a large ſum, at play, and dare not draw for more. I have, however, one reſource. It may offend at firſt ſight, but, upon examination, is a mere trifle. I am ſtill with my friend in Amſterdam; he is lately married; his wife, though a Dutch woman, deteſts his phlegmatic, heavy nature, and has caſt her eyes upon me as a good ſubſtitute. We have agreed upon an elopement. I only wiſh you to take a houſe in Hamburgh for us, and let us paſs as your relations. I ſhall not long trouble the lady; but, with Dutch ducats and Engliſh ſpirits; ſhall ſoon croſs the water. She muſt take the conſequences of her folly——"

Foreſter could read no more. A convulſive ſhivering ſeized his limbs, and the paper fell to the ground.

"Are not theſe ſigns of guilt?" ſaid Hartlebury to his Lordſhip.

"Convincing ſigns. Great muſt be the crime, when the horror of conviction is ſo dreadfully apparent."

"Hold,"

"Hold," cried Forester, in an agony almost amounting to frenzy: "I am innocent."

"Add not to your crimes by falsehood," said Hartlebury.

"I am, I repeat it, innocent—I—you—are imposed on."

"Did you, or did you not, write that letter?"

"I never did; so help me, Heaven!"

"Did you not, but now," said Lord Arrowsworth, "confess the hand-writing to be yours?"

"I did, my Lord; and the forgery might escape detection by the most accurate eye. Nay, the whole of the letter is so well executed, that, were the contents such as honor might not blush to own, I should, without hesitation, declare it to be mine."

Lord Arrowsworth read the letter with attention, and observed that it was not dated.

"That is true," said Hartlebury, starting. "I always

"I always ſealed my letters with my own cipher," added Foreſter. "What remains of this is a wafer."

"You are right," ſaid Hartlebury.

"*Emily Burgeſs!*" exclaimed Foreſter, laying his hand on the ſhoulder of his friend. Hartlebury could doubt no longer. Conviction reached his heart, and he did all but proſtrate himſelf before the perſon he had too haſtily condemned. An explanation now took place. Hartlebury confeſſed that he had received a letter ſubſequent to the forgery, but as it came in the hand-writing of Foreſter, he had committed it, unopened, to the flames. The only difficulty to ſolve, was, the motive that could impel Emily to the atrocious act. Foreſter, however, declared he had no doubt, but that, as Miſs Fitzhubert had confided the ſecret of her attachment to Miſs Burgeſs, ſhe, in revenge for having loſt an adorer, contrived to irritate the brother of Miſs Hartlebury, by which means a miſunderſtanding might take place between Cecilia and

and himſelf. This was the only conjecture he could form: time might aſcertain its truth.

Hartlebury moſt ſincerely aſked pardon of his young friend, who cordially gave it, and acted in a manner to convince him all was forgotten.

Lord Arrowſworth congratulated the parties on their mutual eclairciſſement; and they parted at a late hour. Hartlebury, in returning to his lodgings, begged Foreſter to accompany him to Wimpole Street on the morrow, as he had not yet ſeen his ſiſter. To this his friend joyfully agreed.

Miſs Hartlebury received her brother with affection, and Foreſter with politeneſs; but when informed of the infamous tranſaction that had nearly eſtranged them from each other, ſhe, without heſitation, pronounced Miſs Burgeſs the incendiary. Proofs could not, however, be adduced; and it was agreed, that, as Lady Fazakerly's doors were open to them, they would yet frequent

frequent the nocturnal orgies. Forester now, tremblingly, inquired after Cecilia.

"I never see her," said Miss Hartlebury. "She informed me, when I took the liberty of warning her of the mischief of gaming, that our opinions differed as much as our ages; and I believe she spoke the truth. I have, however, heard of her; for by the authority of a fashionable morning print, she is shortly to be married to Lord Winterfield."

A short pang crossed the breast of Forester. "Well," sighed he, "may she be happy!"

"She is not deserving a thought," said Hartlebury.

"May she not yet be saved?" demanded his sister.

"I fear not," returned Hartlebury. "She is now of an age when the first delirium of folly should cease. She resisted temptation at sixteen. At three and twenty, the character (if ever) takes a decided turn. I fear the bent of her mind has

has been perverted. When principle is not enforced by precept, it may be ſaid to be in danger; but when a bad example is continually before the eyes of purity, it wears it away as a continual dropping of water excavates the hardeſt ſtone."

Foreſter hung his head in ſilence; and Miſs Hartlebury, by turning the converſation to a leſs intereſting topic, equally charmed her gueſts by the propriety of her remarks and ſolidity of her judgment.

The preſence of the ſervants, during the time of dinner, neceſſarily prevented the renewal of a ſubject ſo grating to the feelings of Foreſter; and the appearance of ſome ladies at tea, ſoon drove him away. The agitation of his mind was ſuch as to unfit him for the enjoyment of ſociety; and he retired to his lodgings to reflect on the occurrences of the laſt two days. That Emily was capable of every thing baſe, did not in the leaſt ſurpriſe him. He was too well convinced of her unworthineſs, to beſtow a thought upon her impotent malice, in re-

gard to himſelf. But when he reflected that Cecilia, the amiable Cecilia, was her victim; when he reflected that the woman he once moſt eſteemed, was a deſtined prey, pity and indignation made him reſolve to free her, if poſſible, from the ſhackles of her tyrant. Yet, however he might wiſh to conceal, even from himſelf, that a ſpark of vengeance glowed in his ſoul, he panted to expoſe a monſter in its native colors; and as no guilt could equal that of Emily, and though every puniſhment would be too mild, yet, as far as lay in his power, he reſolved to drag her to the light ſhe dreaded, and in open day expoſe her to univerſal execration.

Lady Fazakerly was, or pretended to be, ignorant of the arts of her young friends, and particularly of any attachment on the part of Foreſter to either. Hartlebury, therefore, accompanied his friend to Portland Place, where they were received with the utmoſt cordiality, and invited to join a large party on the following Thurſday.

 Neither

Neither Emily nor Cecilia were present. Upon inquiry after their welfare, Hartlebury was informed that they were abroad, shopping. "They are, at present, busily employed," said Lady Fazakerly. "Miss Burgess will shortly become Mrs. Meredith, and Miss Fitzhubert, Lady Winterfield."

Forester was petrified.

"As for Miss Burgess," continued her Ladyship, "the attachment is of long standing; but as for my companion, Cecilia, she has good fortune indeed; a peer is not to be found every day."

"Till your Ladyship informed me, I really thought otherwise," said Hartlebury, with a sarcastic curl of the lip.

"I mean with a large fortune, you satirical wretch."

"That, indeed, is a rarity," returned Hartlebury; "and how long his Lordship will be distinguished by the blessing, we will leave fortune to determine."

With these words he took his leave, and with Forester returned to his lodgings, where

where a more ſerious converſation enſued. Hartlebury cautioned his friend againſt any weakneſs he might yet feel for a woman unworthy his regard. Foreſter aſſented to the dictates of reaſon, and aſſured him that for the future Cecilia ſhould be no more, in his eyes, than any individual to whom his efforts might be of ſervice.

CHAP. VII.

The ſtings of falſehood thoſe ſhall try,
And hard unkindneſs' alter'd eye,
That mocks the tear it forc'd to flow. GRAY.

THE long-expected Thurſday arrived; with a beating heart did Foreſter repair to the ſcene of feſtivity, Hartlebury, like his guardian angel, attending at his elbow. The apartments were, as uſual, ſplendid, and the crowd almoſt overpowering. Lady Fazakerly nodded her welcome; but neither Emily nor Cecilia were viſible. Foreſter obſerved the defection, and whiſpered it to his friend.

"I do not indeed ſee Miſs Burgeſs," ſaid Hartlebury; "but yonder ſits the future Lady Winterfield."

"Where?"

"Upon

"Upon the ſettee; don't you obſerve the knot of beaux lounging around her?"

"What, that middle-aged woman?—Pho! pho! you muſt be miſtaken. Why, ſhe is painted with as little care as a Dutch doll."

"Well, incredulous mortal, follow me."

Hartlebury, then approaching the faded form of what once was Cecilia, ſaluted her by her name. Foreſter directed a profound bow towards her, which was returned by a languid inclination of the head. Heavens! what a change! her eyes were ſunk deep in her head, a deathy white overſpread her forehead, and the remainder of her face was concealed by paint careleſsly put on; a faint cough accompanied every third word, and her whole perſon exhibited marks of premature decay.

"Theſe," ſaid Hartlebury, "are the precious fruits of what is termed faſhionable life. Look at that unhappy girl; behold

behold her face, once ſo naturally lovely, now ſtuccoed by art; behold her faded form. Who, on conſidering this victim of diſſipation, would not ſay that ſhe was a woman of forty?"

"For Heaven's ſake, ſpare your reproach," ſaid Foreſter; "ſhe is not its proper object."

"Contemptuous pity then be her portion."

A tear roſe to the eye of Foreſter; yet reflection taught him that his monitor was right, and he liſtened attentively to the diſcourſe of Cecilia, in order to judge if the mental kept pace with the corporeal decay. She was addreſſing an *old emaciated youth*; his real age was about thirty, but his appearance might have almoſt doubled the number of his years.

"Lord! what a droll creature you are, my Lord! Well, I declare, I am poſitively of your opinion: it was dull ſtuff, ſo I left the houſe, and went to the opera. Banti ſung divinely, and the ghoſt looked ſo

ſo green, and ſo comical, that I laughed all the time."

"I believe Mrs. Siddons performed Iſabella laſt Tueſday," cried a young and elegant girl, who was ſeated near.

"True, my dear Syfrett," replied Cecilia; "and really there was ſo much ſighing and ſobbing, on the ſtage and off, that I was glad to get away: and then there's nothing but murder'd people! Oh dear! I can't bear to think on death; it always makes me nervous.——You can't imagine how I hate that Mr. Hartlebury. I am ſorry he is come back to England. He is a ſurly, ill-natured cynic; but he is one that every body knows, and therefore muſt be admitted. I wiſh, however," added ſhe, affecting to lower her voice, "that he would not drag that would-be philoſopher Foreſter about with him every where."

The perſon for whom this compliment was intended loſt not a word, but dejectedly departed, and ſought the company

of his Mentor, who was engaged with ſome gentlemen at the other end of the room.

"What charm of mind or body," exclaimed he, "conſtitutes Miſs Fitzhubert the beauty of the day?"

"Neither one nor the other is required in this enlightened age," ſaid Hartlebury. "If a woman can gain notoriety, ſhe may command the faſhionable world. Miſs Fitzhubert is one of theſe notorious beauties—perhaps ſhe has ſported a curricle, with one pye-balled and one black horſe, or chattered treaſon, which ſhe did not underſtand, and ſo paſſed for a wit."

"I ſhould never have imagined that either of theſe qualifications was attractive."

"Theſe, among many others—if a lady can but collect a ſufficient ſtock of words, ſuch as—oppreſſion—the friends of freedom—enlightened age—ſhackles of ſuperſtition and deſpotiſm,—in ſhort, if ſhe will but

but ſend all kings, biſhops, and eſtabliſhed orders to the devil, ſhe is praiſed as a woman of ſenſe and the friend of the human race."

Foreſter now inquired if he had ſeen Miſs Burgeſs.

"I have ſeen her; ſhe is in the next room: her beauty is undiminiſhed. She really appears to be under twenty; ſhe has been more careful than Cecilia."

Foreſter, ſeizing the arm of his friend, haſtily paſſed into the adjoining apartment, and beheld, amidſt a crowd of adorers, of whom Meredith was the moſt diſtinguiſhed perſonage, the yet faſcinating Emily.—Though in her thirtieth year, ſhe retained all the bloom of youth, owing perhaps to a great ſhare of health, and the magic finger of her ſoubrette; the ſame languiſhing ſenſibility or playful vivacity overſpread her features, as the ſubject on which ſhe converſed alternately called their powers into action.

Meredith had eyes but for her; he hung over her with all the rapture the idea of their ſpeedy union could inſpire; and the whole party were ſo engroſſed by their own converſation, that the approach of the two friends at firſt remained unobſerved.—This converſation was not however of a nature to attract the attention of Foreſter: it conſiſted of the merits of different ſingers, hints of approaching marriages, and complaints of fickle fortune. The youth ſtood contemplating the fiend who had deſtroyed his peace: her beautiful form no longer charmed his eyes; he beheld in her a monſter of depravity. Meredith now quitted the circle; and the quick eye of Emily glancing upon Foreſter, with the hyſteric laugh of malice, ſhe beckoned him to approach.

"Where have you been theſe ten centuries, Mr. Foreſter? I heard that you had turned farmer in Yorkſhire, or Devonſhire, or ſome ſhire or other; and that you were

were a candidate for a prize medal, for having planted the greateſt number of oaks or potatoes, I forget which."

A ſmothered laugh from the ſurrounding Ephemera completed her triumph. Aſtoniſhed at this vulgar ribaldry, and daunted at her unbluſhing effrontery, Foreſter could ſcarcely rally his ideas ſo far as to ſtammer out, "In that caſe, madam, I might perhaps claim the honor of being a *uſeful* member of ſociety."

He caſt his eyes with diſdain upon the fluttering crowd; and Hartlebury, with a ſignificant look, took care not to let the application fail of its effect. Emily obſerved him, and, with an affected half ſhriek, ſhe exclaimed—

"Oh, you wretch! are you there? but need I aſk?—You two are like the heroes of old—firm and inſeparable friends."

"That friendſhip, as well as love, is rather out of date, I am willing to allow," ſaid Hartlebury; but I hope that we ſhall not, like the ancients, ſuffer ours to be

dependent on trifles, or made the ſport of a woman."

"Really!" rejoined Emily, not ſeeming to feel his meaning. "Well! I cannot but admire a friendſhip ſo truly *à la vielle cour!*—I am willing to allow you the title of *inſeparables*, and, in *one ſenſe*, that of the *inimitables*."

She then aroſe, and walked to join another group, where Miſs Syfrett had attracted the more rational part of the company: theſe ſhe ſoon put to flight with her volubility, or delighted by her ſatire; and in a ſhort time the amiable girl was deſerted, and all crowded round the giddy and infamous Emily.

The ſudden departure of Meredith from a circle in which he ſeemed to take ſo great an intereſt, would not have ſtruck very forcibly on the mind of Foreſter, if he had not obſerved that gentleman at a ſmall diſtance with eyes intent upon his every motion. In a tone half ſerious, half in jeſt, he mentioned the circumſtance

to Hartlebury, who, without anſwering, ſeized his arm, and accoſting Colonel Meredith (he having been lately promoted), preſented Foreſter as his particular friend.

"It is not the firſt time I have had the pleaſure of ſeeing Mr. Foreſter," ſaid Meredith, "though it is long ſince I was firſt introduced to him."

He then, in a polite manner, thanked Hartlebury for renewing the acquaintance. Foreſter, ſurpriſed at this unexpected reception, could ſcarcely articulate a ſuitable return to Meredith's civility. He ſtedfaſtly gazed upon him, and endeavoured to read his ſoul, but ſincerity was evident on his manly countenance: nevertheleſs (ſuch is the faculty of ſuſpicion to create imaginary injuries) Foreſter could not but think the tongue and heart at variance.

"When am I to wiſh you joy?" ſaid Hartlebury, willing to draw his attention from his friend.

"Soon, I hope," replied Meredith:

" at ſeven and twenty it is time to ſettle for life, if ever."

" Miſs Burgeſs looked divinely to-night."

Meredith ſmiled his concurrence.

" Yet," ſaid he, " you never meet but to differ."

" Nay, my dear colonel, I am not in love though you are; and, with all due deference to the merits of the ſex, I avow candidly that I never thoroughly coincided with a female opinion."

" And why?"

" Becauſe I never heard of ſuch a thing; yet, ſhould the non-deſcript make its appearance, it would only be thrown away upon——"

" Pſhaw! pſhaw! mere common-place!"

" Upon ſome fool, who knew not how to appreciate its value."

" If I thought your averſion from the ſex real," ſaid Meredith, " I ſhould pity your

your delusion; but as I am confident you know how to distinguish merit where-ever it may be found, you must excuse me from setting you down as a woman-hater."

Hartlebury, half blushing, endeavoured to parry the thrust by invective.

"Nay," said he, "if women would love plain sense and rational converse more, and muslin, fops, and great casino less—if, instead of stripping themselves, they would cover the shivering mendicant—if they would content themselves with the face that Nature——"

"Fie, fie, Hartlebury!" interrupted Meredith. "Faith, I have found you out. All this railing will not pass with me——but I'm off—I burn to attack the host—will you come, Forester?—I long to see some of the titled dowagers in hysterics."

This sudden flight of levity entirely overwhelmed the person addressed with astonishment. He coolly declined the invitation, and sat a silent spectator of the

sur-

ſurrounding card-table. The ſmile of hope and half-reſtrained breath of expectation were ſuddenly chaſed by the horrors of diſappointment; beauteous features loſt their attractive grace; horror gleamed in eyes where love would have otherwiſe firmly fixed his empire; and exclamations, little ſhort of curſes, burſt from coral lips, as the fatal card announced the wreck of their hope.

The heart of Foreſter ſickened at the ſcene: he roſe, and left the room. Hartlebury remained, declaring, that he muſt, out of politeneſs, be cheated of fifty guineas: he accordingly went to the faro table, while Foreſter retired to his lodgings, muſing on the ſcene he had juſt quitted, and finding himſelf not diſpoſed to ſleep, ſat down to his eſcrutoire, and beguiled the time in penning an addreſs to Fancy.

To FANCY.

FROM ſcenes of tumult, where the ſick'ning heart
 In vain for joy the fervent wiſh may breathe—
From fever'd ſcenes, where meretricious art
 Spreads to the eye her party-color'd wreath,
I fly—I ſeek my couch;—at this lone hour
 May thy enchantment, Fancy, cheat my woes!
Oh, hold with Sleep, gay nymph, divided power,
 And with his ſullen poppy twine thy roſe.
Teach me to think, by thy all-potent ſpell,
 That hope, that love, that peace may yet be mine—
 That ſtill the human boſom may enſhrine
Hearts that to all the finer feelings ſwell——
 But ſoon, too ſoon, muſt I ſuch bliſs reſign,
And Truth thy airy charm, O ſyren nymph! diſpel.

The clock ſtruck two, and Foreſter was preparing to retire to reſt, when a loud knock at the door made him ſtart. The footman who anſwered the ſummons refuſed to let any body in, and the altercation brought Foreſter to the ſtair-head, when a voice, which he thought not unknown to him, vociferated, through the key-

key-hole—"Why, you don't know who I am, so what signifies chattering? do open the door: it rains cats and dogs, and I want to see Mr. Forester."

"My master sees nobody at such an hour; call in the morning."

"Why, it *is* morning already: do, my good fellow, tell your master that an old friend from a tin-mine wants to speak to him."

"What name shall I say?"

"What the devil's that to you? Do as I bid you, or——"

Forester put a stop to this dialogue by ordering the door to be opened, when, drenched with rain, and highly intoxicated, Sinclair Apsley staggered into the passage. Anxiety took place of every other emotion in the mind of Forester, when he perceived blood trickling from the forehead of his visitor, and remarked that his clothes were rent in several places. He anxiously inquired, as he led him

him into the parlour, if he was much wounded.

"Much!" hiccupped Sinclair; "faith I don't know that I'm wounded at all: to be ſure, old Lady Fazakerly's ſervants were rather unkind to refuſe me admittance, and the watchman's pole was of good ſtout oak."

"Lady Fazakerly!" exclaimed Foreſter. "What do you mean? Explain yourſelf."

"Why, I went there after you. How ſhould I know all the twiſts and twirligigs of London? The porter of the inn where I ſtopped, went with me in a hackney coach. Hackney coaches are comfortable things, let me tell you, for I ſlept all the way."

"And did you immediately on your arrival proceed to Lady Fazakerly's?"

"Yes—no—yes—I'll tell you all about it. I only called for a bottle of wine juſt to paſs away the time, and when the coach came,

came, I——I juſt called for another bottle."

"But where is your brother?"

"I don't know; but I left him ſnug in a tin-mine near Tregoſny."

"How! Does he not know where you are?"

"No. How the devil ſhould he?—Would he ever have thought I ſhould have popp'd my noſe among a parcel of Jezebels in London?—Well, my boy Foreſter, I'm glad to ſee you. Don't you remember my falling into the river? I'll tell you a ſtory about——"

Here Sinclair dropped faſt aſleep. Foreſter was preparing, by the aſſiſtance of the ſervant, to remove him to a ſofa, when Hartlebury, who had witneſſed the ſtrange ſcene in Portland Place, made his appearance. Foreſter eagerly inquired if he could give him any account of this odd affair. In this point Hartlebury ſatisfied his curioſity.

It

It appeared that a few minutes after the departure of Forefter a violent uproar was heard in the hall, which, upon inquiry, proceeded from a young gentleman in a travelling drefs, who faid he wanted to fee his relation Lady Fazakerly, but with the obftinacy infeparable from intoxication, he refufed to tell his name; by dint of perfeverance, he reached the drawing-room, where, ftaggering up to her Ladyfhip, he informed her, as well as he was able, that he was the nephew of Mrs. M'Allifter, who was diftantly related to Sir Jacob Fazakerly; and that his errand to town was to fee his friend Forefter: at the fame time, by an unfortunate falfe ftep, he trod on her filver-fpotted muflin robe, and the confequence was a fearful rent. Hartlebury, attracted by the noife, left the faro table, where he had been a confiderable gainer, and made one of the wondering circle.— Lady Fazakerly, afhamed, enraged, and alarmed, fummoned the fervants to her aid, and by main force Sinclair was hurried from

from the apartment; a footman, to pacify him, having given him directions to Bond Street. Hartlebury ſoon followed, but could not overtake him. By the wound on his forehead, it was ſuppoſed he had got into ſome diſpute in the ſtreet, for which a guardian of the night had thought interference requiſite.

Hartlebury retired to his lodgings, with eleven hundred pounds more in his pocket than when he left them, while Foreſter conveyed Sinclair to his own bed; and having, by the aſſiſtance of the ſervant, undreſſed him, he flung himſelf into an arm chair, and endeavoured to compoſe himſelf to reſt. About ſeven o'clock Sinclair ſtarted, opened the curtains, and exclaimed, "Where am I? Halloo—Foreſter! how came I here?"

"I really cannot very well ſay," replied Foreſter; "you fell from the clouds this morning at two o'clock."

"I wiſh I had broke my neck then," returned Sinclair. "I am one of the ſad-

deſt dogs in creation! Here have I been fretting Cuthbert, and keeping you up all night!" The moſt violent execrations on his folly fell from his lips; but when the firſt burſt of rage had ſubſided, he circumſtantially related the whole of his conduct.

It appeared that he had repeatedly, but in vain, requeſted his brother to take a trip to London. Oppoſition to his wiſhes he never could brook, and he fully determined to purſue his own plans. Curioſity led Cuthbert to examine a tin-mine. The moment he deſcended, Sinclair haſtily walked away, and procuring a poſt-chaiſe ſet off for London, ordering a tinner to deliver a note to his brother, informing him that he ſhould not be back for ſome days. Sinclair added, that Cuthbert was uſed to his tricks, and would not mind this laſt; but that he himſelf was very ſorry for having committed ſo fooliſh and unkind an action.

"I ſee," added he, "that you are very ſorry for it too;—but hang care, and ſince I am

I am here, I think I may as well enjoy myſelf. You muſt ſhow me every thing, and every body: I hear it is very vulgar now to go to the lions in the Tower, not but what I ſhould like to ſee the grim devils well enough; the Monument, too, is a horrid bore, and nobody goes to look at it: yet one thing I am determined on, but don't mention it to any ſoul—I muſt and will go up St. Paul's; I have often heard Farmer Farrel ſay there was the fineſt view in the world from the gallery, if you could but ſee it for the ſmoke."

Foreſter now prevailed upon him to write a penitent letter to his brother. He complied, and a few days brought Cuthbert to London. The look of ridiculous diſtreſs that overſpread the countenance of Sinclair, cauſed reproof to be loſt in a fit of laughter; and Cuthbert, after much perſuaſion, agreed to paſs a month, but no longer, in London, and accordingly took a lodging in Clifford Street for that period, which it was determined ſhould be devoted ſolely to amuſement.

Forester, in the company of his friends, almost forgot the melancholy which had long overshadowed his natural gaiety: and Hartlebury, who was delighted by the sense of Cuthbert, and amused by the levity of Sinclair, passed much of his time in Bond Street. One evening, a party was proposed to the opera; Hartlebury joined them, and they all proceeded to the Haymarket; the house was very thin; it was early, and the fashionables had not made their appearance. Sinclair admired every thing; the house, he declared, was much larger than any church he had ever seen; he counted the chandeliers; then the boxes; and, at last, swore he was in fairy land. The opera now began; Sinclair was at first hushed in astonishment, but, when Banti was in the midst of a difficult air in the Semiramide, he closed his eyes, and dropped asleep. Not so the rest of the party: they listened with eager attention, and it was not till the conclusion of the first act that they perceived the situation of

 their

their companion: they haftily awakened him, though he vowed he had not been afleep; and the dance attracted his undivided attention. When the curtain fell previous to the fecond act, Sinclair, after looking round the houfe, addreffed Hartlebury in a low voice:

"Pray, fir, *don't* you think that Lady is *really* painted?"

"Indeed I do," replied Hartlebury, fmiling at the fimplicity of the queftion; "but don't you know her, Mr. Apfley?"

"No, not I, I never faw her in my life. I am fure fhe is painted, and if fhe be a day, fhe is fifty. Who is fhe?"

"Don't you remember Lady Fazakerly?"

"Lady Fazakerly!—I fay, Cuthbert, there's old Lady Fazzy; come, I'll introduce you."

Cuthbert and Forefter, who were engaged in converfation, now turned round; Lady Fazakerly had juft entered her box, accompanied, as ufual, by Emily and Cecilia:

Lord

Lord Winterfield and Colonel Meredith were their eſcort.

Cuthbert inquired which was Miſs Burgeſs, and upon her being pointed out, he ſighed, and, in a low voice, ſaid to Foreſter, "Can ſuch a form dazzle to betray?"

Sinclair eagerly inſiſted upon introducing his brother to her Ladyſhip.

"She was a little upon the ſharps with me t'other night," ſaid he; "but then I was in boots; I am now in as good a coat as the beſt of them."

Hartlebury diſſuaded him from preſenting another, when he could with no propriety preſent himſelf: he remarked, that he could not but meet with a mortifying reception; but added, that, if he choſe to follow his advice, Foreſter ſhould preſent Cuthbert, and he would undertake to reconcile him to Lady Fazakerly. Sinclair agreed to this propoſal, obſerving, that there was more fuſs about an old cat than her

her ſkin was worth; but as he loved company, he would try to coax her.

Hartlebury now bade him take notice of what he ſhould ſay; and the whole party proceeded to the box of Lady Fazakerly. To the bow of the elder Apſley, her Ladyſhip returned a ſlight inclination of the head; poor Sinclair remained unnoticed: he looked at Hartlebury, who divining his thoughts, kept him maliciouſly in ſuſpenſe: at length he exclaimed,

"Double or quits the hundred you won of me laſt night, but that is our friend Aubrey."

"Done," cried Sinclair, who immediately divined his meaning.

Hartlebury applying his glaſs, ſaid, "I have won; it is certainly he."

"Faith, ſo it is," ſaid Sinclair; "I thought he was at Briſtol.'

"Pſhaw," muttered Hartlebury, loud enough to be heard, "there is no pleaſure in winning your money; it never gives you a moment's uneaſineſs."

The

The effects of this short dialogue were inſtantaneous; and Hartlebury embraced this favorable opportunity of introducing Sinclair to Miſs Burgeſs, who gave him a moſt flattering reception: Lady Fazakerly confirmed his peace by a ſmile; and Cecilia exerted all her feeble powers to attract his notice; but theſe arts failed of their effect. The levity of Sinclair made him pleaſed at firſt with the attention paid him; but after the opera was over, he ſwore, in a low voice, to Hartlebury, that the eternal clack of the painted old faggot had given him the head-ache. Cuthbert had been engaged in converſation with Emily and Meredith—he wondered the opera was over ſo ſoon: the Colonel conducted Lady Fazakerly to her carriage; Lord Winterfield ſupported the languid frame of Cecilia, and Cuthbert could not reſiſt the temptation of protecting Emily; ſhe gave him her hand with a ſmile, and he beheld the carriage drive away not without emotion.

Hartlebury propoſed ſupping at a coffee-houſe; Cuthbert declined it, pleading a head-

head-ache; and as he wiſhed Foreſter good night, he added, " Surely you muſt be in ſome degree miſtaken; Miſs Burgeſs cannot be ſo abandoned as you ſuppoſe. Never did I behold ſo faſcinating a creature!"—The remainder of the party ſoon after ſeparated.

CHAP. VIII.

——— Sometimes from her eyes
I did receive fair speechless messages.
. . . .
Nor is the wide world ignorant of her worth,
For the four winds blow in renowned suitors.
——— Had I but the means
To hold a rival place with one of them,
I have a mind presages me such thrift,
That I should questionless be fortunate.

SHAKESPEAR.

AN indisposition arising from a neglected cold, had for nearly a fortnight confined Forester to his room, though not to his bed: this circumstance prevented him from attending, as usual, the parties at Lady Fazakerly's; but the two brothers took ample advantage of a general invitation, and on every occasion added to the crowd of visitors at Portland Place. Forester was much surprised, that though a month had elapsed since the arrival of Cuthbert in London, he neither expressed an intention of returning to his father, or of continuing his tour; he

he in vain endeavoured to ſolve the myſtery, but could not help ſuſpecting, from his behaviour, that ſome growing attachment was the cauſe of the delay. Under this impreſſion, he reſolved to watch every look of Cuthbert, and for this purpoſe little penetration was requiſite, for the emotions of his heart painted themſelves as they roſe on his ingenuous countenance.

A letter from Creſwell, requiring the immediate attendance of Foreſter in Pall Mall, was put into his hands: though far from well, he obeyed the ſummons, and was received with the moſt mortifying coolneſs.

Without apologizing for his abrupt departure from town, Creſwell informed him, that his friends were as yet undetermined what courſe to purſue in regard to his future eſtabliſhment.

"For what purpoſe, then," ſaid Foreſter, coldly, "am I called from Devonſhire?"

"For what purpoſe, ſir! why, that—that you might know it. It is not an eaſy matter to provide for every body."

"True,

"True, ſir; nor do I complain of my preſent ſituation; yet I cannot but wiſh to be ſettled in the world."

"Settled in the world! fine talking! What, you want, I ſuppoſe, a large eſtabliſhment; a couple of footmen, a groom, half a dozen horſes, and a town and country houſe!"

"My expectations are not ſo ſanguine."

"Sir, I don't know what you have to do with expectations at all; by law you are *nullius filius*, and an excellent law it is!"

"I do not mean to deny it, ſir; I am indeed illegitimate; but though my birth be imputed to me as a crime, common charity will not ſuffer even the guilty to ſtarve."

"Then, perhaps, you would have a natural ſon inherit?"

"Pardon me, ſir, I would not; in that caſe, innumerable would be the conſequent miſeries: vice publicly encouraged, and the nuptial tie weakened, what could enſue but confuſion?"

"Well, ſir, ſince you will neither ſuffer

a natural ſon to inherit, or otherwiſe, pray what the devil would you have?"

"Sir," ſaid Foreſter, contemptuouſly ſmiling, "I would have thoſe who pretend to the characters of worthy men, learn to diſtinguiſh, and not oppreſs the child for the fault of the parent: to parents I would recommend a juſt ſenſe of honor, not to abandon the ill-fated offspring to whom they have given birth; for, if they have no claim on fortune, they may aſſert a double right to affection."

"Very pretty! and what is that but encouraging vice?"

"Perhaps, ſir, you wiſh theſe unfortunate beings were condemned to an inferior walk of life; and puniſhed by mending the highways, or made bondſmen to the legitimate world."

"Perhaps that method would be as good as any; but I wiſh there were none in being."

"For ſome, ſir, death might be a retreat from miſery; but I am convinced that few are the number who are real ſufferers, and

and that there are other evils more afflictive than illegitimacy. The law, ſir, has made no proviſion for natural children; for it muſt be ſuppoſed that the beſt law, the law of humanity, was ſtrongly impreſſed on a parent's heart."

"I am infinitely obliged to you, ſir, for your information. The law of humanity, indeed! Humanity has a vaſt deal to do with the law of the land!"

"Very little I fear, indeed," ſaid Foreſter, half laughing; "but as I am renounced by the one, I am ſurely juſtifiable in courting the other."

He then bowed, and left the houſe.—As he walked home, the moſt unpleaſant ideas crowded upon his mind. His dependent ſituation preſented itſelf in its moſt odious colors; and though he owned the ſad neceſſity of oppreſſing a part for the benefit of the whole, he felt all the horror of his lot. Before he reached Bond Street, a ſhower wetted him to the ſkin. This brought on a violent cold and ſore throat, and he was obliged to confine himſelf to

 his

his bed for three weeks. Hartlebury and the Apſleys paid him every attention: they read to him, or related the news of the day.

One morning, as the elder brother and Hartlebury were ſitting by the bedſide, Sinclair came running into the room—

"I'll bet fifty pounds to one of my aunt's gallipots," cried he, "that you don't gueſs the news I bring."

Foreſter, ſmiling, aſked, whether good or bad.

"That's as it may turn out," ſaid Sinclair. "I wiſh Colonel Meredith joy; but I would not have been ſo raſh as he, if his new bride were worth her weight in gold."

He then read a paragraph from a morning paper:

"Yeſterday were married, by ſpecial licence, at the houſe of Lady Fazakerly, in Portland Place, Edward Lord Winterfield, to Miſs Cecilia Fitzhubert; and, at the ſame time, Lieutenant-colonel Meredith,

dith, to Miſs Emily Burgeſs. The new-married parties immediately ſet off for his Lordſhip's ſeat in Dorſetſhire."

This intelligence produced a general aſtoniſhment. Foreſter was ſurpriſed at the ſecrecy that had been obſerved: but he was ſoon led to another train of thought, when he beheld the death-like appearance of the elder Apſley. He ſat as if petrified: his eyes were bent on vacancy, and an occaſional tremor alone proved his exiſtence. Hartlebury in a moment divined the cauſe of this phenomenon: he gently laid his hand on the ſhoulder of Cuthbert, and exclaimed—

"I fear you too, my young friend, are a victim to coquetry."

"Hang it," ſaid Sinclair, "I had no idea my brother was in love with her, but I always thought ſhe was with him."

"With whom?" cried Foreſter.

"Why, with Miſs Burgeſs, to be ſure. While you were ill, ſhe did all ſhe could to catch him. I do believe ſhe'd make love

love to a monkey, rather than not have an admirer. I ſaw it all as plain as a pike-ſtaff. I was not in love, though Cuthbert, it ſeems, was."

"Is this ſo?" demanded Hartlebury.

"I fear it is," ſighed Cuthbert; "I am a dupe. I deſerve to be ſo; but who could ſuſpect danger from ſo faultleſs a form?"

"Now, hang me," ſaid Sinclair, "if I ſhould not rather have ſuſpected for that very reaſon: a handſome girl is only called an angel by courteſy; ſhe is generally quite the reverſe, and beſides——"

Foreſter interrupted him, by aſking Cuthbert if this attachment were not the cauſe of his delaying his journey to the weſt.

Cuthbert acknowledged it was.

"I have acted," ſaid he, "the part of an idiotic driveller. I am involved in debt:—the ſums I have drawn for on my father are loſt at the gaming-table, except two hundred pounds which I have raiſed upon a ſmall eſtate belonging to me when I

reach the age of five and twenty. These I lent to that artful woman."

"Three hundred pounds in two months!" groaned Sinclair. "Well! of all the tricks and fcrapes I ever got into, this is——"

"How fhall I meet my father's eye?—Curfed infatuation! Had I but believed you, Forefter!"

Hartlebury beheld him with pity: extricate him he could not, having at that time a peculiar appropriation of his money and the fum almoft equalled Forefter's annual allowance. At length, Sinclair, ftarting up, exclaimed—

"I have it! I have it!—by Jupiter, I'll raife the wind—I'll get the cafh."

Forefter begged him to be calm, and not create a hope he could not gratify.

"As for the eftate," faid Sinclair, "we muft e'en hide that affair as well as we can. My father would forgive, but my aunt would fling the houfe out of window.—Let me fee—one hundred I fuppofe will

clea

clear us from London; not but that I am sorry to leave it too; yet I had rather do so twenty times over, than see poor Cuthbert in the dismals.—I have it!—I tell you I have it. I'll get the money, and then hey for Somersetshire and Lady Pharmacy."

"But what is your plan, dear Sinclair?" said Hartlebury.

"I won't tell any body—I only say I'll do it; and if I don't succeed, say I am no conjuror, that's all."

"But, for Heaven's sake, don't involve yourself farther, by borrowing the money."

"I don't intend it; and for an excellent reason—I have no security, and nobody will lend me any.—Do now, Cuthbert, set your heart at ease; I'll extricate you, my good fellow: I have said it. *Dixi*—as our old schoolmaster used to snuffle."

"Indeed, indeed, brother," said Cuthbert, mournfully, "I am more concerned for my folly than my wants. Lovely creature! I hate her now as much as I once

once adored her. Charming woman! I wiſh her happy!"

"And I," ſaid Sinclair, "wiſh her in——no matter where; but if, before you ſaw her, ſhe had been in the Red Sea, and the hoſt of Faro into the bargain, it would have been better for ſome folks of my acquaintance."

"Do pray, brother, be quiet," ſaid Cuthbert, peeviſhly.

"Well, well, I'm off, Cuthbert: in three days you'll get the caſh—that's all."

With theſe words Sinclair ran out of the room.

When left with Foreſter and Hartlebury, Cuthbert was, with ſome difficulty, brought to acknowledge the circumſtances of his folly. He ſaid, that having frequently called in Portland Place, the beauty of Emily had made a deep impreſſion on his heart. Her vivacity confirmed her triumph. When he hinted at her approaching marriage, ſhe gave him to underſtand that it was by no means a

ſettled

ſettled affair; and receiving every encouragement, he was raſh enough to diſcloſe his paſſion: ſhe heard him with complacence, and her refuſal was ſo worded as to authorize hope.—She one day lamented her inability to raiſe the ſum of two hundred pounds—blind to the conſequence, he borrowed the money, which was doubtleſs loſt at the gaming-table.

CHAP.

CHAP. IX.

My father!—Oh! let me unlade my breaſt,
Pour out the fulneſs of my ſoul before you;
Show ev'ry tender, ev'ry grateful thought,
This wondrous goodneſs ſtirs. ROWE.

THE next day Foreſter was enabled to leave his bed, and in the afternoon a note was delivered to him from Creſwell, requiring his attendance in Pall Mall on the morrow. Though very weak, he obeyed the ſummons, and was conveyed in a chair to the place of appointment. Creſwell received him with ſomething like kindneſs. He was ſorry to ſee him look ſo unwell, but attributed it to irregularity. After ſitting ſome time ſilent, he ſaid, in a muttering tone—

"A friend of yours, Mr. Foreſter, wiſhes much to ſee you. I expect him every moment."

"A friend,

"A friend, sir! Is it—can it be my——"

"There, now!" cried Creswell, letting his arms fall on each side, "that's the way! Now you have ruined all again. Your father, sir, has been dead long ago. I find it is best you should not see the gentleman who is to call here this morning; you might form strange notions, very unfit notions, Mr. Forester."

"Oh, sir! if you have any pity, any compassion, let me once see my fath——I mean my benefactor; let me thank him for his bounty, and solicit a continuance of his protection."

"You will not want that, if you mind what you are about; but it will never do; you will certainly commit some foolish action."

A loud knock at the door vibrated on the heart of Forester. Perhaps it was his father! and as he stood in silent agony of expectation, Creswell suddenly glided out of the room. A person was let in, and intro-

introduced to a parlour adjoining. Forester listened, but could hear nothing but indistinct murmurings: he paced the room with trembling steps; his heart beat quick; he sat down, and as suddenly rose again; a cold dew overspread his forehead, and he was obliged to open the window for air. A quarter of an hour, which seemed an age, thus passed away. A noise was heard as of persons approaching: a bell rung, the street-door was opened, and Creswell, in a fawning tone, said, "Mr. Hewardine, I have the honor of wishing you a good morning."

Forester started, and rushed almost frantic to the parlour door; but oh! what unspeakable agonies rent his heart, when he found it fastened on the outside.

"My father! my father!" exclaimed he, with vehemence. "Hear me!—Hear your son!—But once deign to see him!—But once let him embrace you!"

"Open the door, Creswell," said a man's voice; I will see him, open the door.

"I will,

"I will, my Lord, if your Lordſhip——"

"S'death, blockhead, you have ruined all. Away, I will never ſee him; and your curſed babbling is the cauſe."

The ſtreet-door was now ſhut with violence; and Foreſter, unable to ſupport the keenneſs of his feelings, fell ſenſeleſs on the floor.

Creſwell dreading the violence of his ward, whoſe injuries might tranſport him to any exceſs, prudently followed his Lordſhip, deſiring the ſervants to releaſe the priſoner. They entered the room, and found him in ſtrong convulſions; in falling, he had ſtruck his temple againſt the lock of the door, and his lips were ſtreaming with blood.

"Alack-a-day!" cried the houſekeeper, "this is but a molloncholy ſight. Poor young gentleman! unbutton his waiſtcoat. Dear heart, what a beautiful picture! Ah! I dares to ſay, this is ſome ſweetheart maſter won't let him have."

"Don't ſtand prating about ſweethearts, Mary,"

Mary," cried the footman, "but hold his hands; he'll beat his eyes out while you are chattering."

"I'm ſure my maſter is very hard-hearted and cruel," ſaid the houſekeeper. "Now, if I was a fine young gentleman like this, I'd ſoon ſee whether I was to be contradicted by him; but he's better now. How do you do, ſir? You'll be well by and by. Here, ſmell this vinegar, don't be afeard of it."

Foreſter opened his eyes, ſighed, and relapſed into another fit, which ſo terrified the houſekeeper, that ſhe ſprang to the ſtair-head, ſummoned the reſt of the ſervants, and ordered the black footboy to ſeek his maſter.

"I dares to ſay," ſcreamed ſhe, "he's at the coffee-houſe: run and tell him the gentleman is dying."

Juba flew to the place he was deſired: the houſekeeper's ſurmiſes were juſt. Creſwell was ſeated by the fire: the boy approached him, and panting for breath, ſaid,

ſaid, "Maſſa—gentleman—our houſe—dead."

"Dead!" ſtammered Creſwell, letting fall the cup of chocolate he was raiſing to his lips, and turning more pale than uſual; "dead! impoſſible! oh, bleſs my ſoul!" and ſeizing his hat and cane, he ruſhed from the coffee-houſe. He had no ſooner entered the parlour, than he beheld a ſight ſufficient to appal him. Forester was ſupported in an arm-chair; his eyes were fixed, his mouth half open, and a deathy hue pervaded his features. On one ſide ſtood the houſekeeper wiping his face; on the other, the footman with a bloody knife, with which he had cut off his cravat. This appearance immediately confirmed him in the fear that Forester had committed ſuicide. He eagerly inquired if there were any hope, and where were the wounds; but no ſooner did he hear that his victim was only hurt by the fall, than with one blow he felled Juba to the ground, who cried, as he went howling away, "Maſſa kill every body in the houſe."

Never-

Neverthelefs, Crefwell had the precaution to fend for a phyfician, and, in about half an hour, Forefter was recalled to a fenfe of exiftence: the firft words he fpoke were addreffed to the footman. (Crefwell having left the room,) he adjured him, by all that was facred, to inform him who was the gentleman who had quitted the houfe foon after his arrival.

The fervant replied, that it was a Mr. Hewardine.

"Oh no! not Hewardine, it is not Hewardine," feebly articulated Forefter; "is he not a nobleman?"

"No, no," faid the man, "I really believe not; but I don't know much about him, except that the other day I carried a letter of his from hence to a coffee-houfe."

Forefter eagerly inquired whither he was fent, but received no fatisfactory anfwer; as the footman's commiffion was but to leave a letter at a club-room in St. James's Street, and the man had forgotten to whom it was directed. All hope now

 forfook

forsook the unhappy youth, and he sunk into sullen despair. Apprehensive that another fit might ensue, the physician ordered him to be immediately taken to bed, but the sudden appearance of Creswell changed the scene.

"Well! how is he? Is he in any danger?"

The physician informed him there was no immediate danger, but added, that he would not answer for the event.

"Oh, let him look to that. What did he put himself into such a passion for? I'll be bound he'll soon get better. Jacob, call a hackney-coach."

"But, sir," said the doctor, "he cannot be moved without imminent hazard of his life."

"I am sorry for that, sir; for he certainly cannot remain here. Your servant, sir." He attempted to put a guinea into the doctor's hand.

"Excuse me, sir," said that worthy man; "I fear this gentleman will long have occa-

sion

ſion for my advice." My chariot ſhall conduct him to his lodgings; and ſhould he ſink under the malady, I ſhall not heſitate to impute his death to your inhumanity."

Foreſter, by the aſſiſtance of Dr. Elton and the ſervants, was now raiſed on his feet: his appearance was ſuch, as to make even Creſwell half relent. His hair, which he had ſuffered to grow ſince he had quitted Devonſhire, hung in diſorder on his ſhoulders; his lips were ſwelled, and his waiſtcoat and ſhirt crimſoned with blood. Unable to ſupport his trembling limbs, he leaned upon the phyſician, and caſt a look ſo expreſſive of anguiſh and reproach at Creſwell, that, in a moment of remorſe, he cried out, "Let him ſtay, a bed ſhall be got ready."

"Oh no! no!" ſighed Foreſter; "I cannot ſtay, I will not ſtay: remove me from hence—though I die by the exertion." Then recollecting himſelf, he ſtarted from his ſupporters; by an effort of deſpair, he flew to Creſwell, and ſinking at his feet,

murmured, " Nay, let me die now, but let me first see my father."

" Can I raise the dead?" said Creswell, coldly.

" Cruel man! call him what you will; but let me see Mr. Hewardine."

" You shall see him, I promise that you shall see him; but pray do either resolve to stay or go. You shall see Mr. Hewardine."

" Then let me go!—Oh, Mr. Creswell, should this terminate my existence, may Heaven forgive you; but, alas! I fear *I* cannot."

" Let me conduct you," said Dr. Elton, as he raised him from the floor.

" I leave you," continued Forester, " and perhaps for ever. Should it be so, I entreat you to take this miniature (when I am no more) from my bosom, give it to Mr. Hewardine, tell him I preserved it with the most sedulous care; beg him——"

" But what has Mr. Hewardine to do with that miniature? It is the same I gave to you."

" True,

"True, ſir; but ſhould he even not know the original, the preſent is not contemptible."

He kiſſed the miniature; looked at it as he drew back his hand, and perceived that the blood oozing from his lips had left a ſtain on the cryſtal.

"'Tis no matter," ſaid he, mournfully; "let my father wipe it away!"

"Your father, ſir, is dead!"

"Upon my honor," exclaimed Dr. Elton, "your inhumanity is to me incomprehenſible!—Do you not ſee that this unfortunate gentleman is ſcarce himſelf? and do you wiſh to ſuperadd mental to bodily torture?"

"I really don't know what you mean, ſir," ſaid Creſwell, in a rage; "the law will never be infringed by me. No part of my conduct is ſuch as I ought to bluſh at: at leaſt I know of no *court* where my actions are amenable to diſcuſſion."

"Except the court of *conſcience*, ſir," retorted

retorted the doctor, "and to the decision of that I leave you."

He then, with the assistance of the footman, placed Forester in his chariot, which proceeded at a foot-pace to Bond Street.

CHAP.

CHAP. X.

I do remember an apothecary. SHAKESPEAR.

BY the unremitting attention of Dr. Elton, and the attention of Hartlebury and the Apsleys, who watched by him alternately, Forester was enabled in the course of a week to leave his room. The Apsleys had lodgings in Clifford Street; and as the weather was fine, it was proposed that he should attempt to walk so far. He made the trial, and found himself better for the exertion; but he had not rested a quarter of an hour, when the rain fell in torrents, and Cuthbert willingly agreed to give up his bed rather than let him risk returning home even in a hackney-coach.

In the afternoon, while Sinclair was half asleep, and Cuthbert employed in amusing his friend by reading a volume of Pope, a post-chaise stopt at the door: they all hurried

ried to ſee who it might be, when Sinclair uttering a half ſcream, cried " The devil," and ran into the paſſage.

" Remember, you raſcal," ſaid he to the man, who was already going to open the door, " that I am ill in bed, and faſt aſleep; ſay ſo to the old lady in the poſt-chaiſe, and don't let her come up to my room if you can help it."

Then running back to the parlour, he exclaimed, " Plague take it, Cuthbert, I wrote to aunty for money, and here ſhe comes herſelf; but be ſure you ſay I'm ill, or it will be all over with poor Pilgarlic. Remember we are both in the ſame ſcrape now, therefore mind what you are about."—So ſaying, he ran up ſtairs.

Cuthbert, aſtoniſhed at the behaviour of his brother, whoſe meaning he could not fathom, and no leſs at the ſudden appearance of Miſs M'Alliſter, ſtood confounded. A chair was brought to facilitate the old lady's deſcent from the chaiſe, and in a ſhort time ſhe entered the room. Cuthbert

bert advanced to receive her; and as he was going to present Forester, she cried out, "Oh, Cuthbert! how is the dear boy? I hope not worse! I shall break my heart about him. I have scarce slept a wink since I received the intelligence; and Dr. Buchan, in his Domestic Medicine, very justly observes, that——Well, but how is he?"

Cuthbert, irritated and shocked at the conduct of his brother, stood in amazement. That Sinclair should be capable of trifling with the feelings of a relation, who loved him with such true affection, was a bitter thought; but when he considered the cause of the deception, he found all the blame attached to himself. Wishing to calm her affectionate fears, he seated himself by her, and acknowledged, with some hesitation, that his brother was indeed not very well; but hoped and believed there was no danger whatsoever.

"What, not with fractured ribs?" cried his aunt. "Bless me, Cuthbert, can you

be ignorant that the ribs can only be ſet by proper bandages? I am afraid you are but a tyro in medicine."

"I am, indeed, my dear madam; but I will inquire if my brother is able to ſee you." He then left the room.

"Bleſs me, ſir," ſaid Miſs M'Alliſter, turning her eyes upon Foreſter, "you don't look well; pray let me feel your pulſe—humph—ſlow—very ſlow. I would adviſe you to take aſſes milk at ſeven o'clock in the morning, and ſleep till eight, for I can perceive that the complaint is of a long ſtanding. Do you reſt well at night?"

"Generally, madam."

"Ay, ay, lethargic. I would not wiſh to alarm you, but you had better take care of yourſelf. Pray do you wear flannel next your ſkin?"

"I do not, madam."

"I would adviſe you by all means. Do you eat meat ſuppers?"

"Sometimes, madam."

"Indeed you had better take a baſin of ſago;

ſago; it is very harmleſs—only the pith of a tree in the Molucca iſlands; or a ſmall quantity of vermicelli—very innocent; made in Italy, meaning, in that language, little worms, and compoſed of flour, eggs, ſaffron, and other nouriſhing ingredients."

"I have, of late, madam, been able to take very little nouriſhment of any kind."

"No doubt, indeed; pulmonary complaints lower the ſpirits; and as the ſtomach is weaken'd——but perhaps you have been tampering with quacks. Now I could recommend ſome medicines of my own finding out, ſovereign in caſes of that nature."

Miſs M'Alliſter then entered into a diſſertation upon pulmonary affections, which acted as a gentle ſoporific on her companion; and he was only arouſed by the return of Cuthbert, who ſummoned his aunt to the chamber of the pretended invalid.

"Oh, bleſs me, I declare I had almoſt forgotten the poor dear boy," cried ſhe;

"but let me see him. I wish he had never left Somersetshire."

"So do I, most sincerely," sighed Cuthbert, as he presented his arm to assist her in ascending the stairs.

Forester followed, as well as his weakness would permit; and as the party entered the room, which was darkened, a slight groan from the bed struck the ear.

"How are you, my love?" sobbed Miss M'Allister.

"Oh, my dear aunt! is it you?" whined Sinclair. "Who would have thought of seeing you here? Really I wish you had not taken the trouble of coming to London."

"I dare say you do, my dear boy; but don't make yourself uneasy; I shall feel no inconvenience while I am nursing you; and depend upon it I will not stir till you are well."

"Indeed, my dear aunt, you are too good; and I am a sad worthless fellow to torment you as I do. I ought to have broke my neck instead of my ribs."

"I am

"I am ſure that would have broke my heart, Sinclair; and you have no reaſon to wiſh that, for I have ſaved your life many times, and may again. What phyſician attends your brother, Cuthbert?"

"Half a dozen," ſaid Sinclair, haſtily; "and conſultations come ſo abominably dear; beſides daily fees; and then nurſes: but don't cry ſo, aunt; pray don't cry: they all ſay I have an excellent conſtitution, and ſhall ſoon get over it."

"Ah me!" whined the aunt; "I fear they are like thoſe philoſophers mentioned by Grotius, who contend that ſnow is black."

She then begged that the curtains might be undrawn; but Sinclair affirmed with little leſs than an oath, that he could not bear the light, but permitted the ſhutters to be half opened. Angry as Foreſter really was, he could not but ſmile at the ridiculous appearance of Sinclair; his head was ſwathed in towels, and his face whitened with powder.

"Bleſs

"Bleſs me, how pale he looks!" exclaimed his aunt. "I never ſaw him ſo bad before!"

Sinclair now uttered a moſt dolorous groan, and declared that his head ached with ſuch violence, that he muſt beg to be left alone. No ſooner had he made this complaint, than his aunt promiſed to bring him relief—ſhe had an infallible remedy—M'Alliſter's elixir—not an apothecary in the world but knew it. She haſtily left the room. No ſooner had her footſteps ceaſed to ſound upon the ſtaircaſe, than Sinclair, jumping out of bed, half dreſſed, and with his boots on, declared he was glad ſhe was gone. "I cauſed a letter to be written to the old lady," cried he, "informing her, that by a fall I had broken three of my ribs; and as I was growing better, I begged her to ſend me a hundred pounds, for doctors, apothecaries, ſurgeons, nurſes, chicken-broth, and beef-tea. I little dreamt of her apparition here in London, where ſhe never was before in her life; but run down ſtairs,

Cuthbert,

Cuthbert, and for Heaven's ſake don't let her gallop after that infernal cordial. My aunt ſwears its fame has reached to terra incognita; but I much doubt whether it has ever ſtrayed beyond the limits of its native village."

Cuthbert, ſhaking his head, declared that no one circumſtance in his life had ever given him ſo much concern; but it was not for him to upbraid. He then went in ſearch of Miſs M'Alliſter; but what was his conſternation, when he heard that ſhe had, in defiance of the rain, left the houſe immediately on her coming down ſtairs!

Sinclair, on hearing this intelligence, was half frantic: he vowed he would purſue her, and throw himſelf on her mercy; and it was with difficulty that Foreſter could diſſuade him from this wild ſcheme. Cuthbert immediately went in purſuit of the good old lady; but after two hours fruitleſs inquiry, he returned home. It was now ten o'clock; another hour paſſed; the brothers were ſunk in deſpondency. At half paſt eleven

eleven a ſingle rap was heard, and the footman delivered a note to Cuthbert.

"*To* CUTHBERT APSLEY, *Eſq. in Clifford Street, leading out of Bond Street, in London, theſe.*

"St. Martin's Watch-houſe.

"My dear nephew Cuthbert,

"IT is a trite, but a ſure obſervation, that nobody is wiſe at all times; and I am a ſad evidence of the truth of the aſſertion. Would you believe it! nobody knew of my cordial—a cordial all the world knows! This put me in a paſſion; and as paſſion is a ſhort madneſs (as Horace very juſtly obſerves), I believe I was rather too far tranſported; and now the cruel wretches talk of ſending me to the houſe of correction. Only think of my coming all the way from Somerſetſhire to beat hemp in Bridewell. Don't let poor Sinclair know of my misfortune, leſt it ſhould flurry his ſpirits, but come to my aſſiſtance as ſoon as poſſible, and pray put a night-cap in your pocket

pocket for me, as I have, by ſome unaccountable accident, loſt my head-dreſs. As Horace again exclaims, 'Oh, dear country! when ſhall I ſee you?' I will (if Sinclair can do without me) ſet off for Elm Grove to-morrow.

"I am,
"My dear nephew Cuthbert,
"Your moſt unfortunate,
"but affectionate aunt,
"SACHARISSA M'ALLISTER."

Cuthbert, ſeizing his hat, was proceeding to the watch-houſe, when he recollected that the perſon who brought the note, was ſtill in the paſſage. He called him into the parlour, and aſked if he had ſeen the lady who had written it?

"Lady!" ſaid the man, "that I have, and a queer lady ſhe is. Why, ſhe is as bald as the Marquis of Granby on a ſign-poſt; and then ſhe is as wet and dirty as if ſhe had been dragged through the kennel: ſhe

ſhe had not a rag of money, or ſhe mought have been let out afore now."

Cuthbert haſtily interrupted him, by deſiring he would ſhow the way to the watch-houſe; and Sinclair remained ſo abſorbed in grief, that nothing but the idea of his aunt's ſpeedy departure could afford a cheerful thought. He really loved her, and would have ſuffered the moſt acute bodily pain that could be inflicted, to have ſpared her the ſlighteſt mortification.

Miſs M'Alliſter, before ſhe left the houſe two minutes, found that it rained with violence. She would not, however, return; for by knocking at the door, ſhe might probably diſturb her beloved Sinclair. She proceeded down Bond Street, and calling in at a coffee-houſe, inquired where *the apothecary* reſided? The waiter, ſtaring at the phenomenon of a female in a coffee-room, ſtood gazing at her with the utmoſt aſtoniſhment. This ſhe interpreted as the incivility of Londoners, and thought, if ſhe bought

bought any little article, it might procure her more respect. She observed some jellies in the bar, and sitting down in a box, ordered one to be immediately brought her. The waiter now concluded that she had escaped from confinement, and with much trepidation informed her that an apothecary lived but a few doors off, and the jellies were all bespoke. She thanked him, and was advancing to present a small gratuity, when the man, alarmed at the idea of approaching a maniac, flung down the table-cloth he held, and with the rapidity of lightning made his escape. If the waiter conceived the intellects of the lady to be none of the clearest, she was not slow in returning the compliment. Her pity would have induced her to stay, that she might see him properly taken care of, had not the consideration of Sinclair's head-ache borne down all before it. She left the coffee-room, where, luckily, there were no spectators of her mistake, and entered the apothecary's shop. A boy was behind the counter,

counter, mixing ſome ingredients in a mortar. She dropped a low courteſy, and begged him to ſupply her with a pint bottle of M'Alliſter's elixir.

"Daffy's elixir, ma'am? we doeſn't ſell it."

She repeated the name.

"I'll go ax maſter, ma'am; but I believe we haſn't got any."

The apothecary made his appearance. She repeated her requeſt, and he aſſured her that he had never ſeen or heard of ſuch a medicine.

"What, ſir! not M'Alliſter's elixir?—ſovereign remedy for the head-ache—cured all the country round Dundery Tower!"

"Perhaps, madam," ſaid the apothecary, willing to get rid of her, "it may be found at the medicine-warehouſe, but I never vend any quack noſtrums."

"You are an inſolent quack yourſelf," ſcreamed Miſs M'Alliſter, in a fury, "and ought to be ſent to learn manners."

"Really, good woman," ſaid the apothecary,

thecary, "you will ſtand a chance of being ſent to the round-houſe, if you don't make off in a few minutes."

This threat effectually ſilenced her: ſhe had heard of kidnappers in London, and thought this might be a deſign to ſend her to the plantations: ſhe therefore hurried out of the houſe, and taking a hackney-coach which was luckily unemployed, drove about to different apothecaries' ſhops, much aſtoniſhed at the ſize of London. At every place ſhe called ſhe received the ſame anſwer. Fretting, and low-ſpirited, ſhe inquired what was meant by a medicine-warehouſe? Being told it was a place where all ſorts of elixirs were ſold, ſhe proceeded to a houſe in St. Martin's Lane. Here ſhe received the uſual anſwer, delivered in ſo provoking a manner, that, loſing all patience, ſhe fell upon the boy who addreſſed her, and would have given him viſible proofs of her reſentment, if ſhe had not been drawn away, and conveyed to St. Martin's watch-houſe, where ſhe found that the coachman, who

who had driven off, had completely emptied her pockets, and that the cap and roll over which ſhe combed her hair, were both miſſing. An hyſteric burſt of paſſion was ſucceeded by a ſhower of tears, which, in ſome degree, relieved her oppreſſed heart: but when the conſtable, pitying her ſituation, would have lent her his chair, ſhe exclaimed, "Get away, fellow; my name is Sachariſſa M'Alliſter, and I'll ſhow the whole pack of you——"

"Scratchy what?" ſaid the conſtable: "you may be Old Scratch's ſiſter, by your beauty; but whoever you are, you may as well be civil, or you ſhall be properly taken care off in Bridewell, like a *varmint* as you are."

The noiſe of this altercation arouſed a young man, who having made too free with the bottle at a neighbouring tavern, had aſſaulted the guardians of the night. He inquired into the merits of the caſe; and though he could not but laugh at the forlorn figure of Miſs M'Alliſter, he tore off the

the back of a letter, and begged her to inform what friends ſhe had, of her ſituation. She complied, and the gentleman giving half-a-crown to a man paſſing by, ordered him to deliver it as directed.

Cuthbert loſt no time in repairing to the aſſiſtance of his aunt: ſhe ſcreamed with joy at his ſight, and flying towards him, implored his protection. Cuthbert, ignorant of the cauſe of her detention, being unwilling to wrangle with the conſtable, ſlipped half-a-guinea into his hand, and conducted the forlorn pharmacopoliſt to a hackney-coach, which conveyed them to Foreſter's lodgings in Bond Street, where he ſaw her properly accommodated. He then proceeded to Clifford Street, where his return was anxiouſly expected. Upon his perſuading his brother that the ſituation of Miſs M'Alliſter was by no means ſo bad as he at firſt imagined, he was reſtored to ſome degree of cheerfulneſs. Foreſter ſoon retired to bed: but Cuthbert detaining Sinclair, earneſtly pointed out the bad effects of

of even a slight deviation from rectitud
"I am more culpable than yourself,
added he; "but I would to Heaven, yo
would profit by experience, and not let th
impression be easily erased. Your fatal pre
cipitation in visiting London, has laid th
foundation of our mutual errors; and woul
to Heaven, Sinclair, that we were th
only sufferers!—Our duplicity has caused
the disgrace, and at such an advanced pe
riod of life, may the death of a respect
able relation, and your benefactress; but
will not dwell upon the subject.—Sinclair
it were better to confess the whole to my
father. If I yet conceal our villany (yes, it
deserves the name) from our much-injured
aunt, it is because the disclosure would but
add pangs to the disgrace she has already
undergone. Her love for you might induce her to *forgive*, but she could never *forget* our ingratitude."

"Rather than injure my good aunt," said Sinclair, "you know, brother, I would cut off my right hand. I am sorry she came

up

up to London. I only wished her to send me a hundred pounds, and there would have been an end of the matter. I have not the talent of foreseeing events; nay, I never look farther than my nose, as you know very well. But do you imagine if I had had an idea of my aunt flying up to London, hopping through every kennel, and getting clapped into the round-house, that I would not rather have begged my way to Somersetshire? No, no, Cuthbert; he only is culpable who wilfully and deliberately acts amiss."

"There is much truth in what you observe," said Cuthbert. "You unintentionally exculpate yourself, and leave me a prey to remorse. Your follies were the effects of heedless vivacity, while mine were committed when every circumstance warned me of my danger; dupe that I was!"

Cuthbert now proposed to his brother that he should still personate the invalid, and receive his aunt in an arm-chair: persuaded that he was in no need of her assistance, little

little argument would be neceſſary to induce her to return to Somerſetſhire; and reaſſured by her preſence, Mr. Apſley would not undertake a journey to London, from which nothing but a fit of the gout could have prevented him. Cuthbert perſiſted in owning the whole nefarious tranſaction to his father; though this was oppoſed by Sinclair, who adviſed him to take time, and not commit a new folly, while he was repenting the old.

In the morning, Miſs M'Alliſter, to the ſurpriſe of every body, appeared firſt in the breakfaſt-parlour, having been ſhown the way by a ſervant: ſhe ſeemed languid, indeed, but not more than many would have been after a long journey. Her interview with Sinclair was affecting: ſhe wept with joy at the idea of his ſpeedy recovery; and tears of compunction filled the eyes of her offending nephew. She then, opening a ſmall trunk, delivered Cuthbert two bills, each for a hundred pounds, charging him not to leave London before his brother was

in a fit condition for travelling; but at the ſame time to avoid prolonging his ſtay more than was abſolutely neceſſary in a metropolis which was the architrave of infamy.

Her chaiſe then drove to the door. By the aſſiſtance of Cuthbert, ſhe was ſafely ſeated in it; and ſhe left London after a ſtay of a very few hours. Sinclair, thankful for a reprieve, ſoon reſumed his natural gaiety; but Cuthbert, whoſe thoughts had been diverted from their former channel, by the late ſudden events, ſunk in a ſilent ſorrow. Hartlebury, who had paſſed the day with a family at Richmond, had not ſeen Miſs M'Alliſter; nor did any of the party chooſe to inform him of the affair. He beheld with concern, the dejection of Cuthbert, but truſted to his natural good ſenſe for a cure. To Foreſter his company was moſt welcome; and it was agreed, that if his health continued conſtant in amendment, they would viſit Lord Arrowſworth at the end of three days.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.